

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 307.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1825.

Price 6d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Paris, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day, containing a Description of its Antiquities, Public Buildings, Civil, Religious, Scientific, and Commercial Institutions, with numerous Historical Facts and Anecdotes hitherto unpublished, tending to illustrate the different Eras of French History, particularly the eventful Period of the Revolution. To which is added an Appendix, containing a Notice of the Church of St. Denis, an Account of the Violation of the Royal Tombs, important Statistical Tables, derived from Official Sources, &c. &c. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1564. London and Paris, 1825. Whittaker.

We have copied the whole of this title, which, though long, is not out of proportion to the size and value of the work; and yet, considering the quantity of letter-press it contains, few works of the present day are published so cheap. A few years ago France was, so far as its people and customs are concerned, almost a *terra incognita* to Englishmen; we were assiduously taught to hate and despise it and its sons. That the French were slaves and wore wooden shoes, that one Englishman would beat ten Frenchmen, and that they were our natural enemies, appeared to be an essential part of our creed, from which it was little better than treason to dissent. A peace of ten years, a free and uninterrupted intercourse between the two countries, and a pretty general acquaintance with the French language, have, however, done much in dispelling these prejudices, which were not only illiberal but unjust. Indeed, the tide seemed for some time to have set in an opposite direction, and we were in danger of relinquishing all our study of English customs, habits, and bluntness, for French fashions, dress, and politeness. It was then that our old friend, Joe Grimaldi, sang with so much truth—

'London now is out of town;
Who in England tarries?
Who can bear to linger there,
When all the world's in Paris?'

But although a trip to France was no more thought of than a trip to Highgate, yet, with the exception of a 'Picture of Paris' and a few descriptive sketches in magazines, the British public who did not cross the Channel have had few means of judging of the French metropolis. This is the more remarkable, as the history of the capital of any kingdom is in some degree that of the nation, and Paris is so rich in architecture and institutions, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants differ so much from those of the British metropolis, that one would have

expected some person to have become the historian of the French capital before this time.

At length the task has been undertaken, and executed with no ordinary share of ability, by the author of the volumes before us, who has no occasion to beg indulgence for his labours, which he modestly does in a brief preface. He states, truly enough, that no similar work has ever appeared on the subject, and says, we believe truly, that 'the materials have been selected from authors of the highest reputation,' adding that 'no small pains have been taken to ascertain the truth relative to points upon which a difference of opinion exists.' In order to have as correct an account as possible of the present state of the public establishments in Paris, the author has procured information from the best and most authentic sources.

The work commences with an account of the origin and foundation of Paris, and proceeds to describe its state, and trace its history, under the Romans, Franks, and the Capetian dynasties, down to the present period. The more immediately descriptive part here commences with the ecclesiastical history and account of the churches, convents, monasteries, &c. These finish the first volume: the second includes an historical and descriptive account of the royal and other palaces, gardens, the public buildings, hotels ancient and modern, the scientific institutions, charitable institutions and prisons, libraries and museums, theatres, public gardens, &c. The third volume contains an account of the royal manufactories, markets, slaughter-houses, &c. the places and triumphal arches, rivers, aqueducts, fountains, bridges, quays, city walls, boulevards, streets, catacombs, cemeteries, &c.

Such are the heads of some of the main subjects so admirably treated of in these volumes; they, however, necessarily branch out into many others, all of which are described with accuracy and minuteness. The work is one of fact, and not of dissertation. From the intimate acquaintance the author displays with his subject, we feel almost convinced that he is a Frenchman; and yet there is a straight-forward John Bullishness about the work, which would make us half dispute our own conviction.

In the introduction the author gives a rapid but succinct view of the history of the French metropolis, leaving, however, the more striking events of a local character to be narrated in the description of the places with which they are associated. Rejecting the ingenious fiction of those who ascribe the origin of Paris to the prince of that name who escaped the sacking of Troy, our author ascribes its foundation to the Parisii, who are supposed to have been natives of Belgium,

and who, escaping the swords of their enemies, established a settlement on the banks of the Seine. The Senones, a powerful nation, who yielded to them a territory of some ten or twelve leagues, are supposed to have imposed on them certain conditions. The Seine, in traversing this limited territory, formed, at the point where Paris is now situated, five islands, the largest of which was selected by the Parisians as their fortress. It received the name of *Lutèce* or *Leuconce*, and afterwards was called *Isle de la Cité*. The fortress had no walls, and was only defended by the course of the Seine. It was not then a city, for the Parisii dwelt in huts scattered over their fields; and, when an attack was apprehended, they retired with their families, provisions, and cattle, into their fortress, where they built huts for their temporary accommodation. Such was the humble origin of the Parisian nation, the extent of their territory, and the destination of the fortress of *Lutèce*.

At the time of the Roman invasion, Gaul was divided into sixty-four tribes, of which the Parisii were one. They had thus begun to acquire importance; and, in the fourth century, their town of *Lutèce*, which had increased considerably, changed its name for that of Parisii, or Paris. It now became a municipal city, and had its *ordo municipalis*. Towards the end of the Roman power, Paris had two palaces; and its growth from this time, if not rapid, was at least regular. Numerous antiquities, evidences of the Roman sway, have, from time to time, been found in France, an interesting account of which our author gives in a note. Paris suffered severely by the marauding incursions of the Danes and the Normans. During the religious and political contests which took place so frequently in the early part of the sway of the Capetian dynasty, Paris was often the scene of outrage and assassination. It was in Paris that the most wanton and bloody massacre ever perpetrated was committed, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, of which there is a well-written and circumstantial account in these volumes. The facts are generally known, but they ought never to be forgotten. During this dreadful scene:—

"The city," says the historian, De Thou, "was nothing but a scene of horror and carnage; all the *places* and streets resounded with the shouts of the madmen who had given themselves up to slaughter and pillage; from every quarter the shrieks of the wounded and dying met the ear. Wherever the eye turned, it fixed upon dead bodies thrown out of the windows; the chambers and the courts were filled with the slain, whose corpses were

dragged through the kennels. In the streets the tide of blood was so great, that it flowed in torrents: in short, there was an innumerable multitude of persons massacred, men, women, and children."

"Another contemporary writer speaks of this day as follows:—"Sunday (August 24) was employed in murder, violation, and pillage. The streets were covered with dead bodies, the river was dyed with blood, the gates and entrances of the king's palace were stained with gore. The paper would weep, were I to recite the horrible blasphemies uttered by these monsters, these incarnate devils. The uproar, the continual report of muskets and pistols, the lamentable and terrifying cries of the tormented, the shouting of the murderers, the bodies cast out of the windows, and the sacking of more than six hundred houses, may present to the reader's mind the picture of these excesses, and the diversity of the miseries and crimes. The commissaries, captains, *quarteniers*, and *divemiers* of Paris, went, with their subalterns, from house to house, wherever they thought Huguenots might be found; forced the doors, and then cruelly massacred all who fell into their hands, without regard to sex or age, being encouraged in their work by the Dukes d'Aumale, de Guise, and de Nevers, who ran about the streets, crying, "Kill, kill every one! the king commands it!" Waggon-loads of the dead bodies of men, women, and children, were thrown into the river. The court of the Louvre and different parts of the city streamed with blood."

These were not the acts of insurgents throwing off their allegiance. Oh, no; the murders were committed by the command of the fiend-like King Charles IX. at the instigation of his more fiendish mother, Catharine de Médicis, and was to them a feast, which they witnessed with transports of joy. The king even assisted in the massacre:—

"At day-break, Charles IX. placed himself at a window of the Hôtel du Petit Bourbon, which projected upon the bank of the Seine, and, with carbines charged for the purpose, fired upon the miserable fugitives, who, having escaped the dagger, were swimming across the river for safety; and, to encourage the assassins, he incessantly exclaimed: "Kill, kill; let us fire; *Mordieu!* they escape."

"By an unaccountable error, during the revolution, an inscription was fixed at the balcony of the Salon d'Apollon, in the Louvre, stating, that Charles IX. fired upon the Protestants from that window. Bonaparte, when first consul, ordered it to be removed."

We shall not follow our author through the remaining part of his introductory history, but merely observe, that his sketches of the events of the revolution are slight, but accurate. He does justice to the genius of Bonaparte, while he condemns his ambition; he repeats, however, what no one can deny, that 'Paris, considered in relation to public establishments, is under great obligations to Napoleon Bonaparte.'

The descriptive part of these volumes commences with the churches, and, first, with the cathedral church of Notre Dame. The first

Christian church built in Paris was about the year 375. The origin of the church of Notre Dame is lost in obscurity, and, leaving to antiquaries to solve the mystery, we shall quote an account of some customs performed at this church about this season of the year:—

"In 1449, some notable personages, master-goldsmiths of Paris, agreed, as an act of devotion, to present annually, on the first of May, at midnight, a *May* before the principal door of this church. They elected a prince for one year only, who was to settle the expenses of the said *May*."

"The *May* was placed on a pillar in the form of a tabernacle, in the several faces of which were small niches, occupied by different figures of silk, gold, and silver, representing certain histories, and below them were explanatory inscriptions in French verse. The *May* remained at the great door from midnight till after vespers the next day, when it was transported, together with the pillar, before the image of the Virgin near the choir, and the old *May* of the preceding year was removed into the chapel of St. Anne, to be kept there also a year. This ceremony was regularly observed till 1607, when the goldsmiths presented to the church a triangular tabernacle of wood, very curiously wrought, in which three paintings were inclosed; these paintings were changed annually, and the old ones hung up in the chapel of St. Anne."

"Every year, on Palm Sunday, the clergy of the churches and villages subject to the Bishop of Paris having assembled at Notre Dame, the prelate, attended by his canons, and two *chevechiers*, who carried the shrine of Saint Marcel, joined them, and they went in procession to the church of St. Geneviève. There the bishop consecrated the palms with the usual prayers, and, when the service was over, they proceeded by the Rue St. Jacques to the *Porte de la Cité*, or the *Petit Châtelet*. All the houses here were covered with tapestry, and on each side there were benches for the canons. A response having been sung, the bishop chanted before the door of the prison *Attollite portas*, and, entering, delivered and brought out a prisoner, according to custom, who followed him back to Notre Dame, bearing his train. The canons, singing various anthems, entered the church and dispersed."

"On Maunday-Thursdays, in Holy Week, the canons of Notre Dame performed the ceremony of washing the feet of fifty poor men, to each of whom they gave four *deniers*. This ceremony was called *Mandatum*, because Jesus Christ, having washed the feet of his disciples, said to them, *Mandatum novum do vobis ut diligatis invicem*; and these words were sung during the service. Moreover, from the first Monday in Lent to Maunday Thursday, the priest of the week, with the deacon and sub-deacon, washed the feet of thirteen poor men every day, except Sunday, and gave to each of them four *deniers*. The priests, deacon, and sub-deacon, received the same sum each, and three chorister-boys, who assisted, had each one *denier*. The ceremony took place in the refectory, at the beginning of which, towards the west, along the wall,

were stones hollowed out for the feet of fifteen poor persons, and in the middle of each stone was a hole, through which the water ran underground, and was lost. When the *Mandatum* was concluded, the poor men could not depart till they had joined in some prayers, which were said for Eudes, seventy-first Bishop of Paris, who left a bushel of corn per annum to support this charity; and also for Maistre Pierre, sub-chantor who left a perpetual annuity of twenty *sols Parisis* for the same purpose."

"During part of the middle ages, particularly in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a very extraordinary ceremony, called *Fête des Fous*, was performed annually in the church of Notre Dame. It began by the *Fête des Sous Diacres*, called in derision *Fête des Diacres Souls*, which was celebrated on the 26th of December, the fête of St. Stephen, ancient patron of this church. It served as a prelude to the *Fête des Fous*, the celebration of which commenced on the 1st of January, and terminated on Twelfth-Day."

"In the first *fête*, an *évêque des fous*, chosen from among the deacons and sub-deacons of the cathedral, was consecrated with some ridiculous words and actions. The clergy then walked in procession towards the church, carrying the mitre and crosier before the new bishop, who, being installed, and seated on the episcopal throne, pronounced his benediction upon the people with an assumed gravity, which was the more ridiculous, as the terms of the benediction were the opposite of a blessing."

"The ceremonies of the *Fête des Fous* were even more extravagant. The clergy went in procession to the *évêque des fous*, and conducted him with solemnity to the church, where his entrance was announced by the ringing of bells. Upon arriving at the choir, he placed himself on the bishop's seat, when the high mass began, and, at the same time, the most ridiculous actions and most scandalous scenes."

"The clergy appeared in different costumes, some dressed like mountebanks; others as women, their faces blackened with soot, or covered with hideous bearded masks; on which account this and similar *fêtes* were sometimes called *Barbatoires*."

"Thus disguised, the clergy gave themselves up to all sorts of folly and disorder. Some sang and danced during the celebration of mass; some played at dice even upon the altar, although it was a game at that time strictly prohibited; others drank, or ate soup and sausages, which they offered to the officiating priest, without suffering him to take any; they also burnt old shoes, the smoke of which they caused him to inhale instead of incense."

"After mass, the same orgies were carried on to still greater excess, and were not unfrequently accompanied by quarrels and fighting. At length the performers left the church, and spread themselves through the streets; some, mounting on scavengers' carts, amused themselves with throwing dirt upon the crowd which followed them; others, mixed with laymen, ascended a sort of stage, and exhibited the most extravagant scenes."

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'Many attempts were made in vain, by sober and religious people, to abolish this scandalous exhibition. It was condemned by several councils, and proscribed by royal ordinances; but it continued to exist until the fifteenth century, and appears only to have given way before the progress of manners and knowledge.'

In the church of Nôtre Dame were a few relics, of which the spoliation of 1791 has not left the slightest vestige. The coronation of Bonaparte by Pope Pius VII. took place in this church on the 3d of December, 1804, and our author gives a very ample and interesting account of this august ceremony. But, passing for the present from the churches to the prisons (and the passage was quick and frequent enough formerly), we find in them dreadful proofs of the barbarity of the ages in which they were constructed, and suffered to exist; and, first, of the prison of the chapter of Nôtre Dame:—

'The jurisdiction of the chapter of Notre Dame extended over their cloister and into the Rue d'Arras, near the Rue St. Victor. The officers of their court were a bailiff, a lieutenant, a procureur-fiscal, &c. The precise situation of their prison is unknown; it appears, however, to have been in the *cité*, not far from the cathedral.

'In the year 1252, the chapter levied a heavy contribution upon several villages belonging to them in the environs of Paris. The inhabitants of Châtenay refusing to raise the contribution, the canons caused them to be apprehended, and committed to their prison, which was very small.

'Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis, being informed that these prisoners were destitute of both food and air, begged the chapter to set them at liberty, and offered to give bail for them. The canons replied, that no person had a right to interfere with their subjects or their privileges, and that they could put them to death if they thought proper: moreover, in order to show their defiance of the queen, they apprehended the wives and children of the prisoners, and committed them to the same prison.

'Exhausted by hunger, thirst, and want of air, some of the prisoners fell victims daily; when the queen, exasperated at the conduct of the canons, went to the prison with some servants, whom she commanded to break open the door. The servants refused, not daring to attack the rights of the church. The queen, determined to accomplish her design, began beating the door, which being once struck, the charm was dissolved, and the servants, following the example of their royal mistress, forced it open. A multitude of men, women, and children, pallid, and tottering through weakness, immediately came forth, and, dreading to be subjected to fresh punishment, implored protection of the queen, who succeeded in delivering them from their state of bondage to the chapter.'

In the Prison du Grand Châtelet, the most wanton tortures appear to have been committed:—

'In the accounts of the *prevôté* of Paris, there is this article:—"Brass pulley for the use of the prison de la Fosse at the Châtelet."

It appears that the prisoners were lowered into the dungeon, named *la Fosse*, by an opening contrived in the vault, in the same manner as a bucket descends into a well.

'Perhaps this *fosse* was the same that was called *Chaussée d'Hypocras*, where the prisoners' feet were in water, and they could neither stand upright nor lie down. Its form must have been that of an inverted cone. In general, the prisoners confined here died after a fortnight's detention.

'Another dungeon, filled with ordure and reptiles, was called *Fin d'Aïse*. In short, most of the names of these prisons, and especially *Les Oubliettes*, present a dreadful idea of them to the mind. This prison was demolished in 1802, with the other buildings of the Châtelet.'

The Bastile, retained by the Bourbons to the last, had also its instruments of torture. The Bastile was composed of eight towers:—

'It was in one of the towers of this fortress that Louis XI., in 1475, caused the celebrated wooden cage to be constructed for Guillaume de Harancourt, bishop of Verdun. It was extremely substantial, being composed of thick planks, fastened together by iron bars, and so heavy, that it was necessary to build a new arch for it to rest upon. Nineteen carpenters were employed twenty days in its construction.

'In this cage, or one similar to it, Anne Dubourg, councillor of the *Parlement*, condemned to be burnt for heresy, was shut up in 1559.

'The Bastile contained, also, dark and humid dungeons, *basse-fosses*, and *oubliettes*, where the prisoners were left to die of hunger. At the time of its demolition, there appeared sufficient proof of the atrocious cruelty committed within its walls. Four human skeletons in chains were discovered, and transported to the cemetery of the parish of St. Paul.'

The capture of the Bastile, though often described, will always be read with interest, and we therefore quote our author's account of it:—

'The capture of the Bastile on the 14th of July, 1789, is one of the most remarkable events that signalized the French revolution. At that period, the ramparts were mounted with fifteen pieces of cannon, and in the court opposite the entrance were three pieces charged with case-shot. The apprehension that an attack would be made upon this fortress, led to extraordinary measures of precaution; stones were piled up upon the bastions and ramparts, and, on the 12th of July, twenty thousand pounds weight of gunpowder were introduced: the invalids were all at their post, but the assault against which they had to defend themselves was that of the whole population of Paris. On the evening of the 13th, the plan of attack was formed, but the fury of the populace superseded all plans. At an early hour on the morning of the 14th, cries of *à la Bastile, à la Bastile*, resounded through Paris, and groups of the populace began to form in the vicinity of the fortress. The governor, M. de Launoy, presented himself, and, braving the fury of the multitude, ordered the cannon to be directed

upon the capital. M. Thuriot de la Rosière besought the governor to remove the cannon, which tended only to increase the rage of the people. This was done, and M. de la Rosière was hailed with acclamations. Shortly afterwards, a deputation from the Commune of Paris, with the Abbé Fauchet at its head, demanded a conference with the governor, who ordered the drawbridge to be lowered for their admission: but they had scarcely entered the first court, when they were precipitately followed by the multitude, demanding arms and ammunition. On seeing this, the governor ordered the bridge to be raised, and a discharge of musketry to be directed upon the intruders. The shrieks of the wounded and dying redoubled the rage of the assailants, who shouted "Assassination! Treason!" Two of them immediately mounted a guard-house, from whence they leaped beyond the drawbridge, and with an axe broke its chains, and lowered it, under a brisk fire from the fortress. The populace immediately rushed into the court, but were driven back by a discharge of musketry. The attack soon recommenced with redoubled violence, and the arrival of a detachment of grenadiers, and a troop of citizens with cannon, gave fresh energy to the besiegers. Waggon-loads of straw were set on fire below the ramparts, the smoke of which concealed from the besieged the manœuvres of the assailants, some of whom pushed the attack upon the entrance, whilst others fired from the roofs of the adjacent houses upon those who manned the ramparts.

'During this attack, a body of the populace forced the arsenal, and brought ammunition of every kind to the besiegers. Having made themselves masters of the first bridge by this impetuous attack, the assailants dragged three pieces of cannon before the second bridge.

'The governor, seized with terror, determined to blow up the fortress; but the match was wrested from his hand by one of the invalids. He then entreated a barrel of gunpowder for his own destruction, which was denied him. At length a white flag was hoisted on the battlements, and the garrison offered to capitulate. After some hesitation, the capitulation was accepted. The bridges were then lowered, and the soldiers and populace rushed into the inner part of the fortress. The invalids laid down their arms, and the populace seized the governor, to conduct him to the Hôtel de Ville; but, before he arrived there, his head was severed from his body, and carried upon a pike in triumph.

'Many of the populace, who now thronged the ramparts and battlements, were killed by the fire of the assailants, who were ignorant of the capitulation. At length, a grenadier waved his cap from the parapet, and the firing ceased. The prisons and dungeons were then broken open, and the prisoners set at liberty. The fetters, iron corslets, armour, keys of the dungeons, and instruments of torture, were taken by the populace, and borne as trophies to the Hôtel de Ville.'

'The Bastile was demolished in May and June, 1790, in pursuance of a decree of the National Assembly; part of the materials

were employed in the construction of the Pont Louis XIV. Its site now forms the Place de la Bastille, and the moat is converted into a basin for vessels passing through the new canal.'

(To be continued.)

The Laughing Philosopher, being the entire Works of Momus, Justice of Olympus, Democritus, the merry Philosopher of Greece, and their illustrious Disciples, Ben Jonson, Butler, Swift, Gay, Joseph Miller, Esq. Churchill, Voltaire, Foote, Steevens, Wolcot, Sheridan, Curran, Colman, and others. Translated into our vernacular English tongue. By JOHN BULL, Esq. pp. 767. London, 1825. Sherwood and Jones.

SOME mischievous wag, who wished to libel the only person in this transitory globe that discovered how the world was created, has ascribed the Laughing Philosopher to Sir Richard Phillips. That he is a philosopher who will doubt that has read his essay 'on the Proximate Causes of the Material Phenomena of the Universe;' but, if he is a laughing philosopher, he is not like Sir John Falstaff, witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, for we assure our readers it is no laughing matter to read the essays to which we have alluded.

The Laughing Philosopher is a collection of facetiæ, tales of humour, &c. all perfectly original, as we shall prove. Among other novelties, it contains Dean Swift's Directions for Servants; Monsieur Tonson; a tale, by John Taylor, Esq. of the Sun—by the bye, the only *shining* thing he ever did; then there is Madame Blaize, by one Oliver Goldsmith, now printed for the first time. We have also that rare anecdote preserved either in the Harleian, Bodleian, or Cracherode MSS. or else in the Vatican, of Queen Elizabeth visiting Coventry, when the mayor thus addressed her. *Highness*—

'We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see,' &c.

We would fain quote the whole of this anecdote, but are afraid the publisher would get an injunction in Chancery against us. We will even hazard this to appropriate an unique epitaph (never printed before) on a man who had acquired money by dishonourable means, and died just when his frauds were detected. It is as follows:—

'Lie still if you're wise,
You'll be damn'd if you rise.'

One of the choicest things that the volume presents is an entirely new song, beginning—

'Billy Taylor was a brisk young feller,
Full of mirth and full of glee,
And his mind he did diskiver
To a lady fair and free.'

The excellences of this work are, however, so numerous, that we scarcely know how to particularize them;—but plague on those ancients, and moderns too! they have robbed The Laughing Philosopher of so many good things. There is the Edinburgh Magazine, published about eighteen months before The Laughing Philosopher, has, by a sort of second-sight robbery, stolen the Steam-Boat, commencing—

'If smack to London thou would'st wish to go.'

Then Cowper, that saintly creature, has actually, by anticipation, stolen John Gilpin. How to examine a Witness was purloined in the Encyclopædia of Wit, twenty years ago. An Essay on the Melancholy of Tailors, audaciously claimed by Charles Lamb some dozen years since, belongs of right to The Laughing Philosopher, where it now appears. George Colman, as we find, for the latter half of his life, has been rifling this volume; but his plagiarisms are exposed, by putting his name to them. This is not the case with the Peter Pindarics and other good things, which the New Monthly Magazine, by some singular artifice, appears to have abstracted monthly from the portfolio of The Laughing Philosopher, who now prints them in this volume, where they ought originally to have appeared. Among the articles surreptitiously obtained, are 'Thaddy Mahone and Sylvia Sprat,' 'Mrs. Dobbs at Home,' 'Love among the Law-Books,' and we know not how many other good things. We might pursue the subject, but we shall conclude, with asking Blackwood how he came by his 'Letter from a First-floor Lodger?'—the brothers Percy, where they got some dozen or score articles, which appear in The Laughing Philosopher. We wish, also, to know, how our once-contemporary, The Literary Museum, possessed itself of the Pyramid of Drink; and by what dishonest means some of the twopennies were enabled to forestall the work before us, in the articles 'How to break Ill News to a Friend,' 'Grimaldi's Lament,' 'The Matrimonial Ladder,' &c. &c.

We might pursue the subject much farther; but we have done quite enough to show of how many good things The Laughing Philosopher has been deprived by the forestalling, regrating, and engrossing of his predecessors. We say nothing of the Beau Tibbs, the Prologue to the School for Scandal, the Pilgrim and Peas, Nose and Eyes, The Bashful Man, &c. for which, we trust, Goldsmith, Garrick, Peter Pindar, Cowper, &c. will be able to vindicate themselves.

In conclusion, we must acknowledge, jesting apart, that The Laughing Philosopher is a very amusing companion, and that he gives us a liberal pennyworth for our penny.

Outlines of Philosophical Education, illustrated by the Method of Teaching the Logic Classes in the University of Glasgow; together with Observations on the Expediency of extending the Practical System to other Academical Establishments; and on the Propriety of making certain Additions to the Course of Philosophical Education in Universities. By GEORGE JARDINE, A. M. F.R.S.E. Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in that university. Second Edition enlarged. Post 8vo. pp. 528. London, 1825.

If an experience of half a century in one particular branch of education may be considered as qualifying a person to write on the subject, then would Professor Jardine require no other recommendation; since he has been employed for the long period of fifty years in the department of the first philosophy class in the University of Glasgow. If in the course of his superintendence he has not

struck out new paths, nor discovered a royal road to literary and scientific arguments, he has at least cast off the prejudices of the schoolman, and has not closed his eyes to the possibility of making improvements in our systems of education.

Professor Jardine is of opinion that the system of philosophical education, as at present conducted in the universities, 'is too much confined to the mere communication of knowledge, and that too little attention is bestowed on the formation of those intellectual habits of thinking, judging, reasoning, and communication, upon which the farther prosecution of science and the business of active life almost entirely depend.' This applies in a great measure to every branch of education, the philosophy of which is not sufficiently attended to.

In the course of his public lectures, while Professor Jardine explained the first principles of the philosophy of the human mind, he uniformly accompanied the lectures with a system of active discipline on the part of his students, with a view to investigate and improve the important habits of inquiry and of communication.

The 'Outlines of Philosophical Education,' by Professor Jardine, are divided into two parts: the first exhibits a view of the lectures which are delivered to the students, combining in a simple and intelligible form the elements of the science of the mind with an analysis of the different intellectual powers, in the order of their connection and dependence—the theory of language, as illustrative of human thought—the principles of taste and criticism, and the means of improving the powers of communication by speech and writing.

The second part, considered by the professor as the most useful department of his labours, is devoted to an account of the practical system of discipline to which the students of the class are regularly subjected for the purpose of acquiring habits of inquiry and communication.

As this is a second edition (and we rarely notice second editions at all), we shall not review at such length as we should otherwise have done, this excellent work; it develops an admirable system of education, which ought invariably to be adopted in universities and public seminaries where the higher branches of education are taught.

Nothing could certainly be more absurd than the old jog-trot system of confining youths for seven or eight months to the study of logic and metaphysics; this has, however, given way to a more rational system, which will be still further extended if the enlightened views of Professor Jardine are allowed to prevail. Alluding to the plan of instruction pursued in the English universities, Professor Jardine says—

'It has been maintained, that, with all their defects, these institutions have sent out into the world more great men—a larger number of persons distinguished in the different walks of science and literature, as well as in all the pursuits of public life—than almost all other establishments of the same kind. The views upon which this argument

is founded rather than by defective eminent are to be The great duced have to the car we peruse Newton, discover their nam any merit wherein th it imagine the history cret studie they gradu have muc sons, and It were t place this foundation sands who of science ed; for, i of academ not by the who hav their suc lity; in ments to- ture has above all to confirm research. conclusio ticular in neral, in comparat formed; much is o gifts, how vidual ex belongs to system of In this observati 'By a regulated dent is en and, whe cise his thoughts, searches, finds tha most lear could ne The resul fessors c only com dents, l course of an oppor their mir of directi grees of will only whose na out, and professor 'In th long been

is founded are extremely fallacious, and prove rather that native genius cannot be depressed by defective systems of education, than that eminent talent, or even great acquirements, are to be attributed to any mode of teaching. The greatest men whom the world has produced have owed but a very slight obligation to the care or skill of masters; and, when we peruse the biography of Milton, Locke, Newton, and Johnson, we are at a loss to discover upon what other ground, than that their names were entered in a college record, any merit has been taken by the seminaries wherein they happen to keep their terms. Is it imagined that, if men of genius were to give the history of the various steps of their secret studies, and the accidental aids by which they gradually attained celebrity, they would have much to ascribe to the forms, and lessons, and commentaries, of a college tutor? It were to be wished, indeed, in order to place this mode of reasoning on its proper foundation, that we had a list of the thousands who might have been scholars and men of science, if they had been suitably instructed; for, it is worthy of remark, that the merit of academical institutions is to be estimated, not by the few men of uncommon talents who have been there educated, but by their success in cultivating ordinary ability; in raising the lowest mental endowments to that degree of eminence which nature has placed within their reach; and, above all, by the tendency which they have to confirm habits of industry and a love of research. In short, we must not draw our conclusions in this field of inquiry from particular instances; and we have it not, in general, in our power to found them upon a comparative estimate of what is actually performed; because we cannot determine how much is due in every single case to natural gifts, how much is to be ascribed to individual exertion, and, of course, how much belongs to the teacher, and how much to the system of the school.

In this we perfectly agree, as well as in the observations that follow:—

‘By a system of practical education, well regulated and judiciously enforced, the student is enabled to become his own teacher; and, when he has been accustomed to exercise his own faculties,—to arrange his thoughts, whether for prosecuting his researches, or for committing them to paper, he finds that he can do for himself what the most learned professor, without such means, could never have qualified him to perform. The result, on the whole, is, that, unless professors condescend to become teachers, not only communicating instructions to their students, but subjecting them to a regular course of active labour, and thus obtaining an opportunity of knowing the progress of their minds, of correcting their labours, and of directing them to the means of higher degrees of excellence, the effects of education will only be experienced by the chosen few, whose natural talents enable them to follow out, and profit by the ingenious lectures of the professor.

‘In the university with which I have so long been connected, the practical mode of

education is zealously followed in all the departments of the under-graduate course.—In the class of moral philosophy, which succeeds that of the logic, the professor meets his students at two separate hours, each day, during the session. At the first of these, he delivers a lecture on the principles of ethical science, embracing such inquiries into the nature of the human mind, as are connected with the character of man, considered as a moral agent, and are necessary to unfold those states of thought and feeling, known by the terms instinct, appetite, desire, passion, and affection. In this way the student is led to consider the origin and authority of moral sentiment, and to trace the rise of those energetic principles which actuate and impel the vast mechanism of human society;—as, also, the source and distinction of moral good and evil, of praise and blame, of reward and punishment. He is made acquainted with the opinions of the learned, in ancient and modern times, respecting the obligation of morality, the qualities of mind and of action in which virtue consists, and the various standards of moral excellence which have been proposed, in different ages and nations, to determine the true source of approbation in the human mind.

‘Those subjects are followed by a consideration of the principles of law and government, so far as these are founded on the moral nature of man;—tending to illustrate the gradual progress of refinement in the history of civil society.

‘At the second hour of meeting, the students are examined on the various topics of the lecture which I have just described;—or they listen to the remarks of the professor on the essays they are enjoined to write, which he reads daily in the class; or, according to a practice long established in that department, they translate to him a portion of some of the ethical works of Cicero, or of the *Novum Organon* of Lord Bacon. This latter exercise, like the lectures of the college-tutors in English universities, is accompanied with a commentary on the part of the professor.

‘In the class of natural philosophy, the last in the under-graduate course, the professor likewise meets his students at two separate hours every day. At the one, he gives lectures on the elements of matter and motion,—on mechanics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, optics, and astronomy. It being understood that the students have previously made some progress in mathematics, he applies demonstrative reasoning to those parts of his subjects which admit of it; while, in other branches, he illustrates the laws and processes of nature by a regular course of experiments carefully prepared, and exhibited by means of a very expensive and ingenious apparatus, enlarged from time to time, as the progress of the arts required.

‘But it is chiefly by following out a regular system of examinations and exercises, that my respected colleagues, in these two departments, render their labours available to the great object of academical instruction, nor is there any part of the business of the class more agreeable to the young men them-

selves: as a proof of this, it deserves to be mentioned, that, besides the exercises which are required from the whole class, there are not a few presented as the fruits of voluntary study and exertion on the part of individuals. The spirit of emulation and the desire of improvement, which are thus excited, make the labour light, and even pleasant. The student has the pride of appearing before his master and his companions in the character of an author; and, however incorrect or trivial his performances may be, they afford him at least the means of regulating thought, of improving his reasoning and his style, and of measuring the progress which he makes under the training to which his mind is subjected. In a word, the manifold advantages of this system, both to teachers and pupils, can only be appreciated by those who have had the experience of their happy effects; and, that this practical method of philosophical instruction is not more generally adopted in our academical institutions, is only to be accounted for, by the very familiar fact that public functionaries are, for the most part, more inclined to rest satisfied with merely following out the line of duty which custom has prescribed, than to inquire very anxiously how their offices might be rendered more efficient for promoting the interests of the community.’

Independent of the merits of this work as combining an excellent system of education, it includes some admirable and well-written essays on the science of the human mind, the origin and progress of written language, the improvement of the memory, the culture of the imagination, the elements of taste, and a variety of other subjects.

The Two Minas and the Spanish Guerillas. Extracted and Translated from a Work ‘on Spain,’ written by Captain Von Brandt, a Prussian Officer, who served in one of the Polish Regiments attached to the French Army during the Peninsula War. By a BRITISH OFFICER. 8vo. pp. 77. London, 1825. Egerton.

A FEW months ago, General Mina published, for the benefit of his exiled and suffering compatriots in this country, a very brief notice of his life and exploits in the Peninsula. There are few persons, we believe, whose hearts did not glow on perusing this memoir, and who did not rejoice to find that, sunk and degraded as Spain was, lower than any nation in the world, in ancient or modern times, yet that, from among her peasants, she had produced one man at least worthy of the best period of her history, whose talents and patriotism would have done honour to any age or country. It appears, however, from the work before us, that there is at least one person who entertains a different opinion of Mina’s merits from that of the public in general. This person is a Prussian officer, who served in a Polish regiment, under a monarch who was neither a Pole nor Prussian, and in a cause which, under any other circumstances but those of war and military discipline, would degrade any man.

Capt. Von Brandt is, we doubt not, a brave officer, but we cannot congratulate him even

as a generous enemy; for he was opposed to Mina, and perhaps felt stung by the celerity of his movements, his successful skirmishes, and the manner in which he eluded all attempts to seize upon him. Capt. Von Brandt, too, was the officer who executed the praiseworthy task of rasing Mina's humble cottage to the ground—a piece of petty malignity, for which he certainly was not answerable, but which was very disgraceful to an enemy powerful and civilized, as we had been led to believe the French were.

It is allowed, by the author of this little volume, that the Minas were remarkable men: so far is good; but why, then, seek to throw obloquy on their origin? 'Some admirers of these remarkable men,' says Capt. Von Brandt, 'have asserted, that they are descended from the family of the celebrated Marquis de la Mina, who commanded in Italy, and who still lives in the memory of all Spaniards.' We certainly know not what some persons may say; but General Mina boasts no higher origin than that of being the son of an honest farmer and brought up to the labours of husbandry.

As to the charge against young Mina, that his early life was disreputable, and that he associated himself with a band of highwaymen, we certainly cannot assert that it was not so, though we have good reason for believing the charge a gross calumny. At all events, it is ungenerous to make it, when the gallant hero thus accused is no longer in this world to defend himself. The sneers against young Mina becoming a great patriot are worthy of a man who, with his fellow-countrymen, tamely submit to a military despotism, and wait for the long-promised constitution with much less anxiety than the Jews did for that distant event—the coming of the Messiah. Without denying to young Mina the merit of great talents, Capt. Von Brandt seems anxious to exhibit him as a mere marauder. He says:—

'In the year 1809, however, when a great part of the French army quitted Spain and Portugal, when the Spanish army advanced even upon Vittoria, and the most exaggerated reports of victories gained in Germany soon afterwards increased the enthusiasm of the Spaniards, then *Partidas* were formed in Navarre, at the head of which Mina, whom the people only distinguished by the name of *el estudiante* (the student), suddenly appeared. According to the account given by some of his friends, he forsook the army after Blake's defeats at Santa Fé and Belchite, to gain, if possible, a smile from fortune in his native country. But even this part of his history is enveloped in obscurity, since others assert, that they had frequently seen him during that time in Navarre. He recommenced action in the wood of Tafalla, by the capture of some waggons laden with money; and his enterprises followed each other so rapidly, that the governor of the province was very soon under the necessity of adopting severe measures respecting him. It was here that Mina displayed, by his rapid movements in all directions, an uncommon talent for directing the operations of light troops. More than twenty times defeated and dispersed by detachments, he was

as often ready again to show front to his enemies; and not unfrequently, after a defeat, he reappeared with increased strength. From that time, no individual ventured to leave the walls of Pampeluna; and the troops which marched out to preserve the communication with the fortified magazines might be compared to the Maturins, who roam about in that country to liberate prisoners.

'The following anecdote may suffice to give an idea of the warfare which Mina carried on. Being once pursued by several columns, he saw himself under the necessity of seeking refuge on a nearly isolated rock, which rises almost perpendicularly in the neighbourhood of Estella. His men defended the only accessible side with great firmness, and our *voltigeurs* did not succeed in establishing themselves upon it until late in the evening. As we were not aware of Mina's being present with this little corps, and felt confident of taking them prisoners on the following morning with the greatest ease, the contest was suspended. Mina, in the mean time, took advantage of the night in a most peculiar way. At the steepest side of the rock, which might be from 150 to 160 feet high, he and his men descended by a rope; so that, when we climbed up in the morning to take the nest, the birds had fled. We found nothing but a piece of paper attached to a tree, which contained a still more ungracious compliment than that which Solon, the high priest of Heliopolis, once caused to fall into the hands of the Greeks.

'By means of *ruses de guerre*, which were generally attended with success, Mina's party increased wonderfully. He even began to think of acting on the offensive, and was no longer obliged to fix his night-quarters upon almost inaccessible mountains in the region of thunder and lightning. Of this, his sudden and unexpected attacks at Borja and Tafalla afford sufficient proofs.'

Young Mina began singly to oppose the whole of the armed power of Navarre; in a short time, he had twelve hundred men, who, according to our author, had rallied round him, in consequence of his 'enterprising and chivalrous spirit, his youthful vivacity, his military talents, and particularly the good fortune which accompanied all his undertakings.' Success, which had hitherto attended his exploits, for once forsook him, and, in endeavouring to surprise a considerable number of waggons laden with treasure, he was himself taken, owing to a change as to time of the vehicles setting out, and an increased escort:—

'He set out in the night, accompanied by only one of his confidants, to take cognisance himself of any circumstances which might tend to favour an attack. It was a beautiful moonlight night, when, mounted and well armed, with a mantle thrown round him, he quitted his followers. Little did he think that his fate would overtake him only a few hundred paces from the wood. The French, fearing their enemy's decision and coolness, and still more his proximity, had, contrary to custom, taken the precaution of forming a double line of outposts; and patrols were likewise diligently scouring the country. Two

gens d'armes had even pushed on as far as the wood which concealed Mina's troops. As soon as they heard the noise of hoofs, they hastily retired, and, concealing themselves under some trees, awaited the arrival of the two riders, who approached them carelessly, and in close conversation. They then suddenly pressed forward, and, before the Spaniards had time to turn their horses for flight, they were attacked, dismounted, and secured. Mina's hat, which remained upon the ground, and enabled his followers to account in some measure for his disappearance, was preserved by them as a precious relic; and a hundred affecting songs and elegies, of which he was the object, announced to the Spaniards the loss they had suffered. This successful event was made known to the inhabitants of Pampeluna and Saragossa by placards, in which Suchet was not ashamed to denominate the young hero a chief of banditti.

'Of all the insurgent generals of Spain, and there was a great number in every province, Mina decidedly possessed the greatest talents. He united in himself all the virtues of a Guerilla chief, in an eminent degree. Indefatigable, brave, disinterested, reserved, shrewd, and, at the same time, inspired by chivalrous sentiments, he was on the way to become a second *Virgatus*. The remainder of his political life, and his unfortunate end in so glorious a career, afford evident proofs of his enterprising spirit. However unimportant his fall may have appeared, I believe it was of more service to the French than a gained battle.'

This is generous in our author; he cannot, however, omit any opportunity of alluding to the humble birth of the Minas, as if they had not ennobled themselves far beyond hereditary titles or dignities. The present General Mina, we are told, was a peasant, living in great poverty, and that his dwelling-house was 'a wretched building, such as are usually occupied by poor peasants in Navarre; and yet this wretched building was deemed of so much importance, that Capt. Von Brandt was sent with 'a few companies to destroy it;—a chivalrous enterprise truly. We do not blame, but pity Capt. Von Brandt; and heartily despise the petty malignity and revenge of those who sent him on such a service.

Capt. Von Brandt is very anxious to convince his readers that Espoz y Mina and his Guerillas were hunted about by the French, or Prussian, or Polish troops, when it is well known that, on the contrary, they were a source of incessant annoyance to the invaders. He, however, acknowledges him to have been sometimes successful:—

'In October (1811) he had already collected several thousands, with which he surprised and beat, on the 16th of that month, a column of 1200 men, scarcely one of whom escaped. He then turned his arms towards the Cinco-Villas, with the intention of taking revenge for a great insult which he conceived to have been offered to his authority. The commander of his cavalry, a certain Pesaduo, had fallen into the hands of a patrol, and was hanged by order of the general-in-chief. He had formerly been a smuggler,

and had years previous to this, he a great part of his life of a major de los him, rec presence tence w three tim to the Sp The offic mained five mov son of t fitted u Mina, mons to disregar sorry I tacks w wards e The offi that, if uncondu Pesadu in a ma upon hi Under an open the pla first, an prisone ing und jon de valry s road to tache routed, ragossa of the tion of the proach many s remove his foll Cap the for done think, discipl themse up in agree v of Alb Pyren in the Gueril He sa 'Th of the tually sieur d au der consta contin who, where ments incess who,

and had been condemned to death many years previously; but, by escaping from prison, he also escaped from punishment. The events of the time had subsequently made a great patriot of him, and his country, in return for his bravery, had appointed him to the rank of a major of cavalry. The tribunal at Exea de los Caballeros, which had condemned him, received orders to have him hanged in presence of a strong detachment; this sentence was executed, although the rope broke three times, a circumstance which, according to the Spanish laws, entitled him to a pardon. The officer who presided at the execution remained with sixty foot-soldiers and twenty-five mounted *gens d'armes*, forming the garrison of the place, in a convent which had been fitted up for this purpose. Hither came Mina, thirsting for vengeance. His summons to surrender was, as might be expected, disregarded by the officer (whose name I am sorry I cannot now recollect), and several attacks were most courageously repelled. Towards evening, Mina put a stop to the firing. The officer in the convent, who was aware that, if taken, the next day would bring him unconditionally to the place of the hanged Pesaduro, succeeded in effecting his escape, in a manner which brought as much honour upon him as it did disgrace upon his enemy. Under cover of a very heavy fire, he caused an opening to be made in a wall which faced the plain. His infantry marched through first, and succeeded in surprising and taking prisoners a post of six men, and in retreating undisturbed through the desert of Castejon de Val de Jaso to Saragossa. The cavalry soon followed the infantry upon the road to Zuera, where they surprised a detachment of twenty dragoons, whom they routed, and arrived without any loss at Saragossa. Although the favourable situation of the convent greatly facilitated the execution of this affair, it nevertheless cast a reproach upon Mina's military talents, and many successful enterprises were required to remove the evil impression it had made upon his followers.

Capt. Von Brandt thinks that Mina, with the forces under him at one time, might have done much more; but he does not, we think, make sufficient allowance for an undisciplined peasantry, commanded by one of themselves, when opposed to armies brought up in the trade of war; we, however, fully agree with him, that it was 'the brave troops of Albion' who drove the French across the Pyrennees. There is, we think, much truth in the observation of our author as to the Guerillas changing their system of warfare. He says:—

'The French were certainly in possession of the places and the ground which they actually occupied, but very often only, as Monsieur de Pradt says, "*de la tête de la colonne au dernier rang*." They were obliged to be constantly armed against an enemy, who, continually flying, always re-appeared; and who, without being actually seen, was everywhere. It was neither battles nor engagements which exhausted their forces, but the incessant molestations of an invisible enemy, who, if pursued, became lost among the pec-

ple, out of which he re-appeared immediately afterwards with renewed strength. The lion in the fable, tormented to death by a gnat, gives us a true picture of the French army at that period.

"Guerillas of this kind," as the author of the article upon the Spanish Guerillas, in the first volume of the Austrian Military Journal for 1821, expresses himself, "carry their basis in themselves as it were; and every operation against them terminates in the disappearance of its object."

But, even in the first year of the rise of these bands, they lost this character, and absurdly aped the regularity and economy of the military profession. They lost, in particular, the activity which they had shown in the earlier part of their formation, and gave to their enemies, by means of the heaviness to which the regular form of their altered system had accustomed them, a thousand opportunities of combating them with success. They ceased to become the concern of whole districts, and fell into the hands of a few leaders, who made such use of them as was most suitable to their own views. In other respects, like the ancient Iberians, every one took part in the excursions; each came and went away at pleasure. No progressive subordination secured the will of the guerilla: any attempt at this would have cost the leader his life. The good fortune of the chief was all that gave him authority over this turbulent host; a few unsuccessful enterprises placed him again on a par with his comrades.

There is, no doubt, much truth in this, and, as we have written ourselves into a good humour with Capt. Von Brandt, we shall not, like Sir Charles and Lady Racket, in the farce of *Three Weeks after Marriage*, recur to the subject of our difference, lest it produce a new broil.

Segur's History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon.

(Concluded from p. 265.)

WE concluded our last notice of this work at the battle of Borodino. After this engagement the Russians continued to retire, and the French to advance. Moscow now became alarmed; and Rostopchin, the governor, endeavoured, by proclamations, to rouse the Russians to resist the invader. Different writers have given us various accounts of the fire of Moscow. Comte de Segur ascribes all the merit of the sacrifice to the patriotism of Rostopchin, though the Russian government, as if in order to perpetuate the antipathy to the French, describe it as their act. Although the details of the fire of Moscow have already been given in *The Literary Chronicle*, and they are so well known that our author passes over them slightly, yet we shall select a few passages. One anecdote he gives is striking and characteristic:—

'On that day, a terrific scene terminated that melancholy drama. This, the last day of Moscow, having arrived, Rostopchin collected together all whom he had been able to retain and arm. The prisons were thrown

open. A squalid and disgusting crew tumultuously issued from them. These wretches rushed into the streets with a ferocious joy. Two men, a Russian and a Frenchman, the one accused of treason, the other of political indiscretion, were selected from among this horde, and dragged before Rostopchin, who reproached the Russian with his crime. The latter was the son of a tradesman: he had been apprehended while exciting the people to insurrection. A circumstance which occasioned alarm was the discovery that he belonged to a sect of German illuminati, called Martinists, a society of superstitious Independents. His audacity had never failed him in prison. It was imagined for a moment that the spirit of equality had penetrated into Russia. At any rate, he did not impeach any accomplices.

'At this crisis his father arrived. It was expected that he would intercede for his son: on the contrary, he insisted on his death. The governor granted him a few moments, that he might once more speak to and bless him. "What I! I bless a traitor!" exclaimed the enraged Russian, and, turning to his son, he, with horrid voice and gesture, pronounced a curse upon him.

'This was the signal for his execution. The poor wretch was struck down by an ill-directed blow of a sabre. He fell, but wounded only; and perhaps the arrival of the French might have saved him, had not the people perceived that he was yet alive. They forced the barriers, fell upon him, and tore him in pieces.

'The Frenchman during this scene was petrified with terror. "As for thee," said Rostopchin, turning towards him, "being a Frenchman, thou canst not but wish for the arrival of the French army: be free, then, but go and tell thy countrymen, that Russia had but a single traitor, and that he is punished." Then addressing himself to the wretches who surrounded him, he called them sons of Russia, and exhorted them to make atonement for their crimes by serving their country. He was the last to quit that unfortunate city, and he then rejoined the Russian army.

The pride of Bonaparte was flattered when he entered the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars. He saw the fire with surprise and disappointment:—

'Napoleon, in possession of the palace of the Czars, was bent on not yielding that conquest even to the conflagration, when all at once the shout of "the Kremlin is on fire!" passed from mouth to mouth, and roused us from the contemplative stupor with which we had been seized. The emperor went out to reconnoitre the danger. Twice had the fire communicated to the building in which he was, and twice had it been extinguished; but the tower of the arsenal was still burning. A soldier of the police had been found in it. He was brought, and Napoleon caused him to be interrogated in his presence. This man was the incendiary: he had executed his commission at the signal given by his chief. It was evident that every thing was devoted to destruction, the ancient and sacred Kremlin itself not excepted.

'The gestures of the emperor betokened disdain and vexation: the wretch was hurried into the first court, where the enraged grenadiers despatched him with their bayonets.'

Fatal as Moscow was to Napoleon, he proposed to march with the remains of his army to St. Petersburg; his generals were against it, and indeed it was not practicable. The disasters of the retreat we had given, previous to the publication in England of these volumes. The army which left Moscow one hundred and thirty-five thousand strong was, in twenty-five days, reduced to thirty-six thousand men. Davoust's division had, during the campaign, been reduced from seventy thousand to four thousand men:—

'This marshal had lost every thing, was without linen, and emaciated with hunger. He seized upon a loaf which was offered him by one of his companions in arms, and devoured it. A handkerchief was given him to wipe his face, which was covered with rime. He exclaimed, "that none but men of iron constitutions could support such trials; that it was physically impossible to resist them; that there were limits to human strength, the farthest of which had been exceeded."

'He it was who at first supported the retreat as far as Wiazma. He was still, according to his custom, halting at all the defiles, and remaining there the very last, sending every one to his ranks, and struggling with the disorder. He made his soldiers insult and strip of their booty such of their companions as threw away their arms—the only means of retaining the first and punishing the last. Nevertheless, his methodical and severe genius, so much out of its element in that scene of universal confusion, has been accused of being too much astonished at it.'

The French fought with their usual ardour and gallantry on every occasion:—

'The distance between Smolensk and Orcha is hardly five days' march. In that short passage, what glory had been acquired! how little space and time are required to establish an immortal renown! Of what nature, then, are these great inspirations—that invisible and impalpable germ of great devotion, produced in a few moments, issuing from a single heart, and which must fill time and eternity?

'When Napoleon, who was two leagues farther on, heard that Ney had just re-appeared, he leaped and shouted for joy, and exclaimed, "I have then saved my eagles! I would have given three hundred millions from my treasury, sooner than have lost such a man."

Napoleon bore his disasters with great firmness; but, if we consider it in reference to a fine army destroyed, we perhaps ought to call it apathy or indifference which he manifested. Another class of persons was equally cool,—we mean the officers of the scientific corps. Around Napoleon every bivouac was marked by a heap of dead bodies:—

'There were collected men of all classes, of all ranks, of all ages; ministers, generals, administrators. Among them was remarked an elderly nobleman of the times long passed, when light and brilliant graces held sovereign

sway. This general officer of sixty was seen sitting on the snow-covered trunk of a tree, occupying himself with unruffled gaiety every morning with the details of his toilette; in the midst of the hurricane, he had his hair elegantly dressed, and powdered with the greatest care, amusing himself in this manner with all the calamities, and with the fury of the combined elements which assailed him.

'Near him were officers of the scientific corps, still finding subjects of discussion. Imbued with the spirit of an age, which a few discoveries have encouraged to find explanations for every thing, the latter, amidst the acute sufferings which were inflicted upon them by the north wind, were endeavouring to ascertain the cause of its constant direction. According to them, since his departure for the antarctic pole, the sun, by warming the southern hemisphere, converted all its emanations into vapour, elevated them, and left on the surface of that zone a vacuum, into which the vapours of our hemisphere, which were lower, on account of being less rarefied, rushed with violence. From one to another, and from a similar cause, the Russian pole, completely surcharged with vapours which it had emanated, received, and cooled, since the last spring, greedily followed that direction. It discharged itself from it by an impetuous and icy current, which swept the Russian territory quite bare, and stiffened or destroyed every thing which it encountered in its passage.

'Several others of these officers remarked with curious attention the regular hexagonal crystallization of each of the flakes of snow which covered their garments.

'The phenomenon of parheliæ, or simultaneous appearances of several images of the sun, reflected to their eyes by means of icicles suspended in the atmosphere, was also the subject of their observations, and occurred several times to divert them from their sufferings.'

At Kowno the Russians came up with Ney, not for the first time:—

'The first firing was heard at the Walna gate; Ney ran thither, with a view to drive away Platof's artillery with his own; but he found his cannon had been already spiked, and that the artillerymen had fled! Enraged, he darted forward, and, elevating his sword, would have killed the officer who commanded them, had it not been for his aide-de-camp, who warded off the blow, and enabled this miserable fellow to make his escape.

'Ney then summoned his infantry, but only one of the two feeble battalions of which it was composed had taken up arms; these were the three hundred Germans of the garrison. He drew them up, encouraged them, and, as the enemy was approaching, was just about to give them the order to fire, when a Russian cannon-ball, grazing the palisade, came and broke the thigh of their commanding officer. He fell, and, without the least hesitation, finding that his wound was mortal, he coolly drew out his pistols and blew out his brains before his troop. Terrified at this act of despair, his soldiers were completely scared; all of them at once threw down their arms, and fled in disorder.

'Ney, abandoned by all, neither deserted himself nor his post. After vain efforts to detain these fugitives, he collected their muskets, which were still loaded, became once more a common soldier, and with only four others, kept facing thousands of the Russians. His audacity stopped them; it made some of his artillerymen ashamed, who imitated their marshal; it gave time to his aide-de-camp Heymès, and to Gen. Gérard, to embody thirty soldiers, bring forward two or three light pieces, and to Marchand to collect the only battalion which remained.'

The defection of the Prussians under Yorck put the finishing stroke to the French army. Comte de Segur says—

'Thus commenced the defection of our allies. I shall not venture to set myself up as a judge of the morality of this event; posterity will decide. As a contemporaneous historian, however, I conceive myself bound, not only to state the facts, but also the impression they have left, and such as it still remains, in the minds of the principal leaders of the two corps of the allied army, either as actors or sufferers.

'The Prussians only waited for an opportunity to break our alliance, which was forced upon them; when the moment arrived, they embraced it. Not only, however, did they refuse to betray Macdonald, but they did not even wish to quit him until they had, as it may be said, drawn him out of Russia and placed him in safety. On his side, when Macdonald became sensible that he was abandoned, but without having positive proofs of it, he obstinately remained at Tilsit, at the mercy of the Prussians, sooner than give them a motive of defection, by too speedy a retreat.

'The Prussians did not abuse this noble conduct. There was defection on their part, but no treachery; which, in this age, and after the evils they had endured, may still appear meritorious; they did not join themselves with the Russians. When they arrived on their own frontier, they could not resign themselves to aid their conqueror in defending their native soil against those who came in the character of their deliverers, and who were so; they became neutral, and this was not, I must repeat, until Macdonald, disengaged from Russia and the Russians, had his retreat free.'

'It should be remarked that the Prussian nation, which drew its sovereign towards Yorck, only ventured to rise successively, as the Russians came in sight, and by degrees, as our feeble remains quitted their territory. A single fact, which took place during the retreat, will paint the dispositions of the people, and show how much, notwithstanding the hatred they bore us, they were curbed, under the ascendancy of our victories.

'When Davoust was recalled to France, he passed, with only two others, through the town of X***. The Russians were daily expected there; its population were incensed at the sight of these last Frenchmen. Murmurs, mutual excitations, and, finally, outcries, rapidly succeeded each other; the most violent speedily surrounded the carriage of the marshal, and were already about to un-

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harness the horses, when Davoust made his appearance, rushed upon the most insolent of these insurgents, dragged him behind his carriage, and made his servants fasten him to it. Frightened at this action, the people stopped short, seized with motionless consternation, and then quietly and silently opened a passage for the marshal, who passed through the midst of them, carrying off his prisoner.

Comte de Segur concludes his valuable history with the defection of Austria. From the fidelity which characterizes his narrative, and the minuteness with which he describes events, we wish, if he had similar means of observation, that he would follow these volumes with the campaign which ensued that of Russia.

ORIGINAL.

HAIRDRESSERS, GENTILITIES, TROUBLES,
AND AFFECTATIONS.

A Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

MR. EDITOR,—I have been exceedingly amused by your extracted praise of the barbers, from *Gaieties and Gravities*, a work I will not be three days longer without; but it has so strongly recalled to my mind the tremendous influence possessed by that 'gentle craft,' in the days of my youth, that I cannot forbear deprecating the return of its power. Well do I remember when Nonnet was the rage at Bath, and ran from street to street, trying his irons on a paper in his fingers, that he might be ready to pounce on the head of a lady, the moment the door was opened: in what absolute slavery he held the movements of my mother and sisters, and how often my pleasures have been curtailed, and my schemes thwarted, by his supreme authority! In those days of research and memoir-giving, I wonder we have no authentic anecdotes dished into a wire-wove hot-pressed volume of the same Nonnet, who was really the handsomest Frenchman I remember to have seen, at a time when the emigrant noblesse of France were swarming in that city, and exhibited many respectable specimens. He came to England to seek his fortune, conscious of possessing that knowledge of the sublime art he possessed, which ought to insure success among a people whom he fully believed incapable of attaining it, and conscious also that he had no other means of keeping body and soul together than the speedy application of his talents to his necessities.

An English lad of eighteen, thrown into a foreign country, with little of its language and none of its cash, unknown to those who might introduce him, and sensible that his outward-man was as shabby as his inward-man was empty, would either have been driven to despair by his misery, or to crime by his wants; not so M. Nonnet: he neither found work for the coroner as a suicide, nor the executioner as a highwayman: 'Sare, ven I am here alone, one stranger, in large distress, no money, no fren, I run about vid my tongs, run, run, run, up von street, down anodder,—sometime I sing, sometime I swear, mon dieu! but alway I run. So at

last say de ladiss, "vot busy man is dat yong Frenchman! he is hurry to death," and then von vill have me, and anoder vill have me.—I ask mach, n'importe dey give, and see vot is Nonnet now?' 'Sare! no man will get his bread, if he say he have no bread.' Such was Nonnet's account of himself, when he had a large family, a good establishment, and took the same money for dressing a lady's hair, per week, that her husband paid him for a good lodging-house, viz. seven guineas. His profits in the season were immense, but his sight was greatly injured, it was thought, by the use of marelchalle powder, which was pungent and inflammatory; so that, as the midnight oil is said to affect the sight of those students who learn to improve the interior of the human head, this worthy practitioner on its surface was a fellow-sufferer; but it was the only point of resemblance, for I never heard of a dresser of brains that taught 'the young idea how to shoot,' who found the employment half so lucrative.

Nonnet was most gallantly appropriated to the ladies, for whom he always prescribed certain pins and cushions, which were not less indispensable than the magic touch of his own fingers; and the whole expense of preparing a family of females for a ball became a most serious consideration for papas of moderate estates, which were certainly *puffed* away by the girls of that day with more celebrity than the dancing, singing, and harp-mastering system we have now. 'Tis true, there was more to show for it: a young woman's head in full curl was a kind of glacier in the world of beauty, covered with diurnal snows, contrasting exquisitely with the rouge on her cheeks below. Well! well! thank God I am not yet old enough to extol the days of my youth *par excellence*. I thank Mr. Pitt, the French revolution, the progress of education, or whatever else had a hand in restoring us to natural forms and colours, and delivering us from the most ridiculous tyranny that Fashion ever has imposed, though her whimsical dictates have been many.

In lately reading Sayings and Doings, I have been exceedingly struck with the pains taken by the author to show that he is completely initiated in the habits, luxuries, and peculiarities, of what *he* deems the highest circles of society: he is a clever young fellow, and knows London thoroughly; but he has so much of *this*, as to make one sick very often. It is true, a gentleman may have a good deal of that kind of nonsense about him; but he is not less a gentleman if he has it not: for, in so far as it belongs to fashion, whether native or imported, it is an ephemeral adoption, and will float away to make room for other feathers of taste, habit, and connoisseurship. All those luxuries which are connected with the pride of show and the indulgence of appetite rapidly make their way into the houses of the most illiterate and illiberal of mankind, provided they have money wherewith to purchase them; and, with the uneducated and purse-proud, and *them* only, will elegancies of this description be deemed the criterion of gentility. I remember, five and twenty years since, in one of

my northern journeys, dining at the house of an old baronet in Staffordshire, where there were no silver forks at table, though the handles of both knives and forks were of massy silver, and the sideboard groaned under old plate; but at Birmingham and Manchester, even then, this article of luxury was found on the tables of men whose fathers were literally working mechanics, and who had buttered their bread with their thumbs. About this period, bidets or no bidets were the sure proof of being genteel or vulgar in the eyes of provincial ladies. Turtle and lace veils, silver venison-dishes, carriages low enough to smother you with dust, or high enough to be dangerous, tall footmen or little ones, Grecian lamps, very dear wines, very scarce meats, very extravagant furniture,—all have their turn as objects which the great adopt and the rich affect; and so speedily does the man of wealth overtake the man of rank in this race for notoriety, that there are some who never join in the pursuit. I guess that, up and down, one might muster a *pretty considerable* number of persons, highly educated and naturally well endowed, of ancient and present importance, who, without blushing for their ignorance, could plead guilty to many of the sins charged upon the *semi-gentility* of the inhabitants of Russel and Bloomsbury Squares, in the pages of this ultra fashionist.

'We, of the Upper House,' says my lord duke, in the farce of *High Life below Stairs*, continually; and this important *we* has unquestionably an amazing effect in all the affairs of this sublunary life. *We*, who dance quadrilles, duly despise all who figure in country dances. *We*, who use attar of roses, shudder at coming in contact with lavender-water. *We*, who require fifty choice *morceaux* to constitute our dinner, consider a rump-steak and a tart food only for barbarians. *We*, who use Grecian lamps, turn up our noses at tallow candles. *We*, who drink French wines, cannot relish humble port, or even endure pale sherry: and we are all proportionably afflicted with these *nausea* to the *novelty* of our perceptions, and the *rapidity* with which we have made our acquirements. *We* should now and then be reminded, that, even in these days of French cookery, the Beef Steak Club boasts not only wit, talents, and learning, the proudest blood, and the highest genius in the land, but *fashion* also; and that it is one of the peculiar privileges of the fickle goddess to be inconsistent as well as mutable, so that really a man may occasionally move in a certain circle, who condescends to spend all the most happy and rational hours of his existence completely out of it.

When I reflect on the various modes of affecting superiority over their fellow-creatures, so prevalent among the little-great and the would-be elegant, it strikes me, I confess, as a great deficiency in those superior personages, that they give us no new modes of dying genteely, and that sickness is found as great a leveller as death. For aught I could ever learn, there is the same tossing in a fever, the same pain in an inflammation, the same wearisome complaining

and disgusting process, observable in a sick room in St. James's Street, as could meet the eye in the dwelling of a rich merchant in Finsbury Square, or a rusticated squire in Yorkshire. Night-caps and flannel bed-gowns, vile emetics, and cathartics, disgrace the dandified forms of our most superb exquisites, and pollute the lips of the most polished gourmands. Surely this is a great fault! The king of terrors, one would think, in this age of science and refinement, might be taught to approach his victim in a gentlemanly manner at least, and leave to the canaille those degrading indications of mortality, which say 'to the worm thou art my sister, and to corruption, thou art my mother.' It should be sufficient to the vulgar and the poor, that they might be fearfully solicitous on the subject of reception in another state of existence, and uneasy about their souls; for it is surely inconsistent for the very high-bred to doubt their own right of entering anywhere; and, not less so, to be anxious about that portion of them, which has been ill-fed, ill-taught, ill-dressed, all the years of their existence, and never excited attention till the time they were called to part with it, by the most ungentle, commonplace, old fashioned, and vulgar method imaginable.

In the hope that something new and appropriate, to which neither the cit, the rustic, the *beggary scholar*, nor the poor genius, can aspire, will soon appear amongst us in this very important particular, I remain, my good Sir, your very teachable friend,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS, NO. XXV.

DENYING, as I do, the right of any person to call me to account for my sayings or doings, or even misdoings—by which I mean, doing nothing.—I should be wanting in that courtesy for which the members of my family have ever been distinguished, were I to omit thanking your new correspondent, Philo-Asmodeus, for the very handsome terms in which he has spoken of me and my labours. I can, however, assure both him and your readers, that I have been otherwise employed than in making caudle for Miss Paton, or concocting meretricious scandal for the deputy grand master of the English orange-lodge's Harriette. It is not my *custom* to undermine *custom*-houses, and I have other work than that of loosening the walls of the Opera House. Although the editor of the 'Cheltenham Journal' was so bad a *Judge* as to provoke a horse-whipping from Colonel Berkeley, I had no hand in it.

But, after stating what I have not, I shall now proceed to say what I have really achieved. My talent at invention being pretty well known, I have been applied to by all the monied men, needy solicitors, and half-starved brokers, to furnish plans for new companies: a few of my projects, all of which will be brought into the market in a few days, I subjoin:—

1. THE METROPOLITAN GAS BED-WARMING COMPANY, capital one million, in twenty thousand shares of £50. each. Pa ron, his

Grace the Duke of Bedford; secretary, George Bedwell, Esq. The list of directors is not filled up, but they will be selected from persons of the first respectability, who will take a *worm* interest in promoting the success of the company. It is calculated, from the bills of mortality and the reports of the most eminent persons of the faculty, that sleeping in damp beds is the incipient cause of nine tenths of the fatal diseases that prevail in London. It is due to the public to state that the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians intend to oppose the bill in Parliament.

2. THE UNITED EEL-CATCHING COMPANY, capital, £200,000. in five thousand shares of £40. each. Humanity is the basis of this company, for its object is to abolish the horrible barbarity of skinning eels. This will be done by boiling them alive and unskinned. Mr. Martin of Galway offered to be the patron of the association, but this name is not sweet enough for a fish company.

3. THE LONDON FLY-CATCHING COMPANY.—The capital of this company, the formation of which I have entrusted to the Rev. Dr. Fly, Stable Yard, St. James's, is not yet fixed; but I have already had applications for forty-nine thousand three hundred and forty-nine shares from the grocers, druggists, confectioners, &c. of the metropolis. This company is intended as an auxiliary to the London Drug Company; and, as it will act positively and negatively—that is, convert an annoying and destructive insect into an excellent ingredient in medicine,—the profits are estimated at twenty-nine and a half per cent. per annum.

4. PATENT SHOE-BLACKING ASSOCIATION, capital £250,000. in twenty-five thousand shares of £10. each. It has been ascertained that within the bills of mortality there are every day three hundred thousand pairs of boots, and nine hundred thousand pairs of shoes cleaned, which, at the moderate charge of 2d. per pair for the former, and one penny per pair for the latter, amounts to £6,250. per day, or £2,281,250. per annum, allowing nothing for leap-year. Now, an apparatus has been discovered for cleaning boots and shoes at the rate of one hundred pairs per minute; it may either be worked by a steam-engine or attached to the tread-mill; and, as blacking can be made at ninety-five per cent. less than it is sold for, the profit to this company must be immense. The sole object of the directors is to benefit the public, with whom they are particularly anxious to be on a good *understanding*. The hostility of Mr. Hunt, Day and Martin, Turner, and Larnder, to *boot*, is calculated upon.

5. THE BRITISH CINDER-SIFTING COMPANY.—If it be true, as the poet says, that 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires,' no argument can be necessary to induce the public to take an *ardent* interest in the success of this company. The loss to the inhabitants of London in ashes is immense, and the profits to the contractors for them so great, that they call them *pearl* ashes. While millions are investing in torturing the bowels of the earth for the precious ores, and disturbing the ocean on its bed for pearls and corals, it

is not a little extraordinary that no association has been formed for separating the precious metals from ashes, which they are known to contain to a large amount. Besides, the ores in mines, pearl, and coral require much expense in procuring and manufacturing, while the silver spoons, knives, soup-ladles, &c. to be found among London ashes, are all ready-manufactured. To the valuables we lose by the carelessness of our servants, we must add the depredations of the dust-men, who lay their hands on everything, from a silver salver to an old shoe. Every objection to this company has been *sifted* to the bottom; and his Majesty, who cannot even sell the ashes of his own palace, has declared himself patron of the association. The company may, to use a vulgar expression, kick up a *dust* in certain quarters, which, however, may be kept down without throwing cold water on the project.

I have several other companies on the *tapis*; but, as I never wish my company to be intrusive to any one, I shall not dwell on the subject. There is, however, one company which, although I have no share, I cannot omit noticing: it is called the 'National Poultry Joint-Stock Company,' with a capital of only £200,000. The projector, well aware that there are more *geese* than fly, has formed this company. He assures us there will be fowl, but no foul play, and that, although the poultry will require to be stuffed, yet the public swallow greedily enough without that process. One great object of the company is the extermination of *quacks*, which they pledge themselves to do, or endure a *ducking* themselves. All the *hen*-pecked and *chicken*-hearted husbands have already, at the instigation of their helpmeats, become subscribers. One of the advantages of this company will be the great reduction in the price of poultry, so much so, that a *guinea*-fowl will not cost more than nine or ten shillings. Should the demand for poultry exceed the supply, the new chicken-hatching apparatus, by means of steam, will be applied; poultry reared this way will require less cooking, as they will be parboiled. It is also intended to attach to the establishment an apparatus for boiling eggs, and thus supplying the whole of the metropolis with this luxury.

I have already vindicated myself from the insinuations of Philo-Asmodeus; and, lest some other devilries lately practised should be imputed to me, I shall at once disavow them. I had no share in inducing the inhabitants of St. Martin's parish to present Archdeacon Post with a second-hand vase, which had once graced the sideboard of a house of ill fame. I did not write the report in The Morning Chronicle, which stated that, at the dinner of the Society of British Artists, the *health* of the Royal Academy and British Institution was drunk: nor was it I that altered the numbers in the sculpture room of the Suffolk Street Gallery, so as to make Romeo Coates, though a curiosity in his way, 'A Restoration from the Parthenon,' convert a bust of Mrs. Siddons into Mr. Mudford, make a chevalier of the latter gentleman, set George Rose, Esq. to his prayers, transform Musidora into Achilles; nor did I

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denominate a 'Cricketer' a 'Battle,' although he deals in balls. These are freaks, all of which have been played without my assistance.

I have been otherwise employed: it was I that drew up the ukase of the Emperor of Russia, commanding the Samoides, living in the government of Archangel, to become not angels, but Christians; and thus effected, with a stroke of the pen, what would have cost our Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge many years' labour, besides money and missionaries. It was I that prevented the Yankee Hannibal, General Jackson, from becoming president: but why do I talk of my distant occupations, since I have been busy enough at home, in enabling the Lord Chancellor to settle a point, which he has been upwards of seventy years in deciding—it is, whether he should put his right or left stocking on first. I could not, I confess, prevail on his lordship to make a positive award for some time: I therefore suggested a compromise between the shoes and stockings, by putting the right stocking and the left shoe on first: but it soon occurred to the acute mind of his lordship, that the same difficulty occurred as to the inexpressibles, without the same means of obviating it. At last, after several hearings, his lordship determined that it is right to begin with the left stocking, shoe, &c. first; though he facetiously observed, that it was but a sort of German left-handed union of the parties after all.

Well, no matter—in the present changing times, we must not always hope to be sanctioned by precedent. Oh no! men, manners, principles, all change. Why, within the last few weeks, I have seen Alderman Waithman and Mr. Samuel Dixon agree in common council, and the secretary to the Admiralty, Mr. Croker, actually second a motion made by Sir Francis Burdett!

Only think of an alderman of the city of London seconding the motion for an address to his majesty at the opening of a session, and concluding his speech with a Latin quotation, and what is more extraordinary, correctly given. But these changes, striking as they are, are nothing to what follows. Only think of Mr. Hunt, of Spa Fields, of blacking and roasted-corn notoriety, who a few years ago entered London at the head of 300,000 mob admirers, actually pelted and insulted a few days ago. Then we have ministers reducing taxes, reforming the laws, and extending our commerce by the removal of vexatious restrictions, in a way that reduces the duty of the opposition to a mere sinecure, and leaves them actually without a single grievance to complain of. But all this is nothing to a change that has taken place in the West Indies. Tell it not at Liverpool, or Bristol; publish it not in London, lest the slave-holders rejoice, and the dealers in human blood triumph. The ink freezes in my pen as I write it—no, I will not write it, but follow the example set me by the editor of a leading journal, who, when he would not soil his fingers with one of Cobbett's pamphlets, handed it with a pair of tongs to the printer. I will give the newspaper that contains the offensive article

to the devil, and let him convey it to the printer. It is an extract of a letter from Jamaica, and is as follows:—

'Kingston, Jan. 24.

'Interested as you are in this island, it will no doubt be pleasing to you to learn that the minds of the Negroes appear to be quiet: they seem to know that they have been imposed upon. The accounts from all parts of the island are, that the Negroes have passed the Christmas holidays with more good humour, and have enjoyed their drumming and dancing better than they have done for three years before. There are, no doubt, and ever will be, some disaffected among them, but in general they appear quiet and contented.

'In Spanish Town the Negroes carried about an effigy of Mr. Wilberforce, gave it several floggings, and then burnt it on the race-course. At each flogging they sung a song they had made on him, indicating that he had deceived them, by promising to make them free, but had not sent the money to buy them; that he was a liar, and had only made a quarrel between them and their masters. I trust everything will now remain quiet.'

When Mr. Wilberforce read this paragraph at his breakfast, the muffin dropped from his hand, and he unconsciously exclaimed, 'Othello's occupation's gone.' As soon as he recovered, he resigned his seat in the House of Commons, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, which, when the Negroes hear, they will be still more indignant, and say, 'Why does he not send us de hundreds, to make us free?'

We all laugh at the folly of the old Grecian who carried a brick as a sample by which he might sell his house; had he left the brick to be disposed of a thousand years after his death, it would have produced more than his house did at the time,—at least, if we may judge by the cylindrical brick in Rich's Museum, which is valued at £50. I must draw to a close, but not without relating a couple of *bon mots* by Sam Rogers, and recommending you, if you want to see a curiosity in a parish clerk, to go to Paddington Church, when the regular clerk has got the gout, and his assistant officiates. Then you will hear the Belief read in a way beyond all belief—the fellow is a genuine cockney, and is not ashamed of it; if, therefore, he reads 'werry God of werry God, begotten not made,' let those 'who go to laugh remain to pray.'

The *bon-mots* both relate to foreign singers. A gentleman was reading in the newspapers that Signor Gulmini, the tenor singer, had lately died in Italy, at the advanced age of one hundred and thirty-eight years, when Rogers remarked, that he must have held on 'the even tenor of his way.' The next relates to Veluti, who made a fortune by singing, and has lately lost it by speculations. 'Well,' said Rogers, on being told of this, 'it was natural enough. It was only Veluti in *speculum*.' But I think I hear your readers say, enough, enough for the present, good

ASMODEUS.

NEW STEAM ENGINE.

THE United States' papers contain an account of a new steam engine without a boiler, which

has been invented by Mr John Babcock, of Portsmouth, Rhode Island. It was tried in crossing Bristol Ferry, and is said to have been completely successful. The Newport Mercury even goes so far as to say that the experiment has for ever settled the question that steam may be generated in quantities sufficient for any power without the aid of a boiler. The Providence Journal, however, says—

'Gentlemen in whose knowledge of mechanical principles we have much confidence, express doubts of the success of this invention. The following is the description of the engine:—

'The substitute for a boiler of a ten-horse-power engine consists of two sections of cast-iron tubes, one inch thick, each sixteen feet in length, in lengths of 3 1-2 feet, and averaging 1 3-4 inch bore, and containing about three gallons, placed horizontally in a small furnace, 3 1-2 by 4 1-2 feet and three feet high: the end of one tube enters into the top of a cylinder 6 1-4 inches in diameter; the end of the other enters into the bottom; the other ends go out on the opposite sides of the furnace, and to each is attached a small forcing-pump one inch in diameter, and they are alternately worked by gearing attached to the cross head—the cylinder is also enclosed in the furnace, and the length of the stroke of the piston is two feet two inches—the motion is communicated by shackle bars, in the usual way, and there is no variation from the common construction of a high-pressure engine—to set it in motion, a fire is made in the furnace with a few sticks of small wood, or half a bushel of coal, and, when the tubes are heated, only three cubic inches of water is injected from the forcing-pump upon the hot iron, and is instantly converted into steam; a valve at the same time being open into the cylinder, it forces down the piston; the other pump then forces the same quantity into the tube, another valve is opened, and the piston ascends; and it continues to operate with unabated vigour, as long as it is supplied with water. The number of strokes made by the piston in a minute is about forty, while propelling the boat; and the quantity of water then used is only a gallon in four minutes—it is necessary that it should be fresh water, as the tubes are so small that they get clogged by either salt or sediment; but this is no objection, as, by adding a condenser, nearly the whole can be retained, and we believe it will be found to combine the four requisites, cheapness, simplicity, strength, and utility, of a perfect machine. The whole space occupied by it does not exceed that of a small tea-table, and the power may be indefinitely enlarged without much increasing the size, and with few alterations it can be easily adapted to any engine now in use.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNETS TO CHARITY.*

DAUGHTER of Pity, from thy throne on high
Descend,—for it is thou that I invoke—
Fair Charity! Alas! Fate's wayward stroke,

* Written in reference to the Lines for the Benefit of the Sufferers in the Island of Portland from the late Storms.

Sad source of many a heart-throb and sigh,
Hath so oppress'd the race of poverty
(Whilst dark despair, torpedo of the soul,
View'd her o'erwhelming wave all darkling
roll),

That they, on whom the sun of Industry
So lately shone, with warm and fostering ray,
Have seen at length that last support give way.
Then, Heaven-born maiden, haste! since thy
bright smile

Can call them up again to life and light,—
Can bid Hope, Health, and Happiness, beguile
Their lonesome hours, and gild Misfortune's
night.

Yet, let no faint, no common smile be thine,
For 'twas no common woe that pall'd, with
dark

And murky shroud, Misfortune's little bark,
And bade my muse the cypress garland twine,
And notes of saddest minstrelsy combine
With those of Hope, sweet Hope, though
distant, fair.

What time o'er Portland, 'rude, and bleak,
and bare,

Burst Ocean's billowy flood of waters, mine
Has only been the mournful tale to tell,
To soft compassion melt the soul, and ask
The widow's mite, the rich man's wealthier
gift;

But thine must be a prouder mightier spell,—
To raise the weak in spirit, and uplift
The fallen; that be, Charity, thy task! H. B.

THE PARSON AND THE NOSE.

'Twas on a shining summer's day,
As stories, quite old-fashion'd, say,
A sleepy set of sinners
Agreed that they to church would go,
Their zealous piety to show,
After their *gourmand* dinners.

Scarce had the parson ta'en his tex'd,
When he felt most confounded vex'd,
To see his neighbours nod;
Proceeding with religious lore,
He quickly heard the sleepers snore,—
Forgetting him,—and God.

When, lo! descending from his seat,
Our rev'rend, full of holy heat
At losing all his labour,
Tweak'd one's stout nose; then, graceful,
bow'd,

And said, 'Dear sir, you snore so loud,
I fear you'll wake your neighbour.' J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH
ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, Pall Mall.

IN the hurried notice, written just as our last
number was going to press, we could do no
more than merely enumerate some of the
principal subjects and exhibitors; we have
now leisure to notice them more in detail,
but, before doing so, we must make some
mention of the second annual dinner, which
took place this day week. It is not our in-
tention, however, to give a formal report, in
which we have been anticipated by the daily
papers, but shall principally dwell on a few
of the more prominent opinions and remarks
elicited during the evening. In returning
thanks to a toast which had been given by
the Hon. Agar Ellis—'The President and So-
ciety of British Artists,' Mr. Hofland (the
persident) explained the motives which had
led to their establishment, for the purpose

of counteracting any invidious misrepresenta-
tion that may arise—or, we may say, that has
been made in certain quarters, as to the op-
position of the present society to the Royal
Academy. It was of vital importance, he
remarked, that their views should not be mis-
understood: they entertained no feelings of
hostility towards the Academy, for which he
himself entertained the highest respect, as
the earliest institution in this country for the
encouragement of the fine arts; but the very
success of that institution,—the taste for art,
and the consequent increase of artists which
it had created, had obliged a numerous body
of artists to colonize from the parent stock,
and to build a hive of their own,—to pro-
cure for themselves an opportunity of placing
their works before the public, for exhibition
and sale. And he was most happy to be
able to state, that their success had far ex-
ceeded their most sanguine expectations. The
liberality of their patrons had already
enabled them to pay off £1000. of the £5000.
incurred by building the gallery. That all
the members of the Royal Academy do not
consider this society as opposed to them, any
otherwise than in a spirit of laudable rivalry,
is evident, from the munificence of the Pro-
fessor of architecture towards this infant in-
stitution, who, with a liberality—not merely
pecuniary, that does honour to art, sent a se-
cond donation of twenty-five guineas, accom-
panying a letter expressing his regret at not
being able to be present; and offering his best
wishes for their prosperity. Such conduct
testifies a mind above ungenerous suspicions
or mean jealousy,—but Mr. Soane is uni-
formly ready to patronize art and assist ar-
tists. Nor should the liberality of the Duke
of Bedford and Sir Gerard Noel be unno-
ticed. The latter not only sent the society,
at their formation, a hundred guineas, but
desired that, if on the casting up of their ac-
counts there should be any deficiency, they
would consider his purse at their service. The
success, however, of their first season
left them no room for availing themselves of
this truly noble offer. This year, Sir Gerard
sent a second donation of thirty guineas. In
the course of the evening, 'The Donors and
Subscribers to the Society' being drunk, Mr.
Barng Wall rose to return thanks, apologiz-
ing for so doing, as he was conscious, from
the smallness of his subscription, that he had
little right to arrogate such an honour to him-
self, but, in the absence of gentlemen who
had contributed more liberally, he took upon
himself to state, that the compliment just paid
them was duly appreciated: he then compli-
mented the society upon the amicable feel-
ings which had been expressed by the chair,
towards similar institutions, and concluded,
by saying, that their grand object should be
to form 'as many friends and as few enemies
as possible.' We have no doubt, in our own
minds, that feeling as well as policy will
ever induce the 'Society of British Artists'
to act upon this principle, and to avoid those
jealousies and feuds which have unfortunately
too often proved derogatory to the humaniz-
ing character of the fine arts, and embittered
the lives of those who profess them. But we
are happy to say that, on the present occa-

sion, there was not the slightest indication of
any such feeling: on the contrary, although
without any thing like flattery, a candid ac-
knowledgment of the merits of rivals. The
visit of the Princess Augusta to the rooms,
on the preceding Thursday, when her royal
highness was pleased to express the delight
she had received at beholding so many excel-
lent specimens of British art, and said that
she should report her opinion of its merits in
the highest quarter, will, we hope, effectually
tend to remove whatever impression there
may be, on a certain portion of the public
mind, that this society ought to be regarded
with a jealous eye by those who would seem
to favour the Royal Academy, or that it
wants a certain *ton* of fashion, or an import-
ance possessed by that body.

The present exhibition is, we think, taken
altogether, not at all inferior to the first:—
there is no indication of relaxed energy—no
falling off; and, if some artists who sent pic-
tures last year have not done so now, their
room has been ably supplied by an accession
of fresh exhibitors; among whom are Fraser,
Sharp, &c. We remember that those who
were not very anxious for the success of the
institution, when they could not deny that it
really did display many clever works at its
first opening, said, that every effort had been
strained to make a goodly show at the out-
set, and predicted, that this year it would fall
off considerably. So far, however, is this
from being the case, that it has in some points
improved. It is true there are not many do-
mestic subjects, and, among these, no single
picture of so generally attractive a character
as Richter's, in the last exhibition; but there
are a few clever and well painted pictures be-
longing to this class, and a considerable num-
ber representing objects of still-life, one or two
of which, especially No. 64, by Blake, may,
without flattery, be termed *chefs d'œuvre*. It
is in these subjects and in landscape,—from
the magnificent scenes of Glover and Linton
to the most homely and familiar appearance
of nature,—that the strength of the exhibition
consists. There are but few attempts at his-
toric painting, and those not pre-eminently
successful or important; neither can we in-
deed affirm that there are any portraits of
extraordinary merit. Those by Mr. Haydon
are sadly deficient in amenity and grace;
nor is the absence of these qualities,
which may be considered almost indis-
pensable in this branch of art, atoned for
by superior truth of character or expres-
sion, or by an unaffected imitation of na-
ture. In fact, they possess nothing of
individual character; while there is, in some
instances, a coarseness and extravagance that
is pushed nearly to the verge of the ridicu-
lous. His figures seem all taken from an-
other race of beings than gentlemen and la-
dies of the present day: in fact, the artist
seems to have been perpetually labouring to
idealize them, and to impart to his sitters a
non so che di grandioso, that certainly did not
belong to them.—If Mr. Haydon would
paint portraits, especially female ones, we
would recommend to him to sacrifice to the
Graces. In some of these productions, we
allow that there is a richness and harmony of

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colouring that captivates the eye and produces a good general effect; although the local tints are not correct, and the deep red shadows of the flesh anything than either natural or pleasing. Burnet's portrait of Dr. Hutchison is one of the best-painted and best-composed in the exhibition; and if, as we understand, it be his first attempt at portrait-painting, augurs most favourably for his future success in this walk of art.

There is one production in the gallery that we can refer to none of the preceding classes; it being perfectly *sui generis*—we mean Martin's splendid composition, the Creation; which may be better characterized by the epithet poetical, than by any other single term. With some extravagance, there is much sublimity in this production, which displays as much energy as any of his former ones. If it does not satisfy the spectator, it is merely because it is beyond the powers of the human mind adequately to conceive, or of art to represent it. In daring to exhibit the figure of the Deity, he has judiciously shown it dimly and indistinctly; but he would, in our opinion, have done better, had he in this case followed the example of Timanthes, who concealed the countenance of Agamemnon, and have entirely veiled in clouds all but the hand and arm of the Omnipotent. As it is, the artist has certainly produced a brilliant effect out of the most scanty materials, for he had here none of that gorgeous architecture, which has imparted such a pomp and splendour to his preceding works.

Mr. Linton's large landscape picture, the Vale and Lakes of Keswick, is a masterly representation of a most interesting scene, and of one of the finest specimens of landscape to be met with in this country. The tone of colouring is good; and it is painted in a free and bold manner. The rude, narrow, rustic bridge in the foreground, thrown across a chasm, comes in well, as do the figures and sheep. We certainly prefer this picture to his other large landscape, the Landing of the Trojans at Delos, although this has great merits: the site is as romantic as can well be conceived, and the buildings are well situated and judiciously arranged, with a view to effect.

(To be continued.)

THE DIORAMA.

THE oftener we visit this truly fascinating exhibition, the more we are of opinion that we can discover the principle to which the paintings are indebted for that powerful illusion attainable no other way: namely, that the picture is only partially transparent, so that the shadows are actual—not merely painted shadows. But even its excellence in this respect, and the deceptive truth of effect thus produced, destroys in some degree the pleasure arising from painting as an art. Paradoxical as it may sound, the illusion is too complete to permit us to admire the paintings as paintings: we are rather affected by them as we should be by the real objects. This species of representation seems to be to painting in general what wax-work is to either painting or sculpture: the effect is too purely mechanical. Whether this be precisely the

case or not with dioramic paintings, we cannot say; for, never having seen any by other artists, we cannot judge how far the illusion is mechanical, or how far it depends upon the ability of the artist. In point of effect, the moonlight view of Holyrood Chapel is truly admirable; still we do not consider a moonlight scene as by any means the best adapted for representation, for, with the exception of a small extent of wall, the greater part of the picture is little better than a mere blank of obscurity; and we are rather surprised that the artist did not select a more perfect building, where the moon-beams playing on the tracery of the windows would have produced a variety of sparkling lights, and where, again, the shadows of the tracery on the floor and walls of the edifice would have created a richness that might have compensated in a great degree for the monotony and want of colour inseparable from such a subject. We certainly prefer the Cathedral of Chartres to Holyrood Chapel. As it is in the power of M. Daguerre to transport us wherever he pleases, we wish that he would in future always conduct us to some really beautiful and interesting place.

MR. SOANE'S SOIREE—BELZONI SARCO-PHAGUS.

MR. SOANE opened his house for a third time, on Wednesday evening last, when about five hundred visitors were assembled to view the Belzoni Sarcophagus, and the other numerous works of art with which the museum is so abundantly stored. All the apartments on the ground-floor were thrown open, and the effect was most enchanting, owing to the beautiful architectural forms that everywhere meet the eye; the truly picturesque arrangement of the principal gallery is considerably heightened by the striking and brilliant effect of light and shade; and the profusion of richly-stained glass that is introduced in the most tasteful manner in almost every room: add to all these attractions the costly folios and splendid architectural works that were laid on the tables, and some faint idea may be formed of the rich banquet prepared for the lovers of art. We believe each individual present must have felt that he needed all the eyes of Argus, not excepting a single one, in order to enjoy fully the numerous objects that struck his gaze on every side; since the contents of a single room would have demanded a day to examine them. We suspect, therefore, that in the midst of such a multiplicity of other attractions, the Sarcophagus itself was little heeded by the majority of the company. This curious relic is deposited in a lower part of the gallery, on a level with the basement floor, and the effect of it, as viewed from above, strongly lighted as it was, was striking in the extreme. The Monk's Parlour, with its splendid painted window, powerfully illuminated from without, was certainly not the least attractive point in this scene of fascination. The Picture Cabinet, immediately above this room, and opening into it, by means of moveable panels or shutters, to which the paintings are affixed, and of which the construction is quite novel, was another charming spot, and was

continually crowded. Splendid and costly as all these apartments are, they are any thing but gaudy; every ornament is most elegant and *recherché*. There are mansions in this metropolis more extensive, more splendid, as far as relates to furniture and upholstery, but, perhaps, not one exhibiting so much taste, such picturesque arrangement, such a happy economy of room, and such richness, yet chastity, of decoration.

Among the company present were the Earl of Harrowby, Mr. Peel, the Marquis of Hertford, and many other distinguished characters; we also observed two foreigners, in a rich oriental costume, and a number of artists and men of letters.

The following interesting description of Mr. Soane's house and gallery is written by Mr. Britton, and appears in No. X. of the 'Illustrations of London,' by that gentleman and Mr. Pugin:—

'The house of Mr. Soane was built by himself, in the year 1812, on a piece of freehold ground, situated on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Its frontage is about thirty feet in width only, but its depth extends to about eighty feet. The ground floor, or principal suite of rooms, consists of a hall and staircase; a refreshment room, serving also as a library, measuring twenty-two feet by thirty-nine, and thirteen in height; and other apartments. The sides of the library are occupied by glazed bookcases, filled with choice and valuable books, many vases, and fragments of antiquity, some fine architectural drawings, and is fitted up with several mirrors, which tend to give space, variety, and picturesque effect to the whole. Behind the central part of this room is an open court, adorned by numerous architectural fragments. On one side of this court is a breakfast-room, with a dome ceiling in the centre, and two lantern windows peculiarly disposed at the ends to throw the whole light on the walls, or rather on the objects that adorn them. This apartment is filled with books and drawings, and communicates with the front room by double doors, one of which is glazed with painted glass. It also opens to the entrance-hall, and to a museum behind, by two other glazed doors. Plate I. shows the style and fitting-up of this room, looking from the fire-place towards the court already mentioned. The central window has one large piece of plate-glass in the centre. Over the glazed bookcase, on the left hand, are drawings of the Bank of England, which are lighted from above. On the opposite side of the court is a narrow gallery of communication, between the front room and the museum, furnished with books and choice specimens of bronze and marble antiques. Behind these rooms and the court are a museum, an office, and picture galleries, occupying the whole width of three houses in front. Over part of the museum, and forming a portion of it, is the architect's office, supported on columns, and insulated from the walls, by which novel and ingenious design, the lantern windows afford abundant light, both to the office and to the museum. Another part of the museum is open from the basement-floor to a lofty glazed dome; the latter rests on four arched and

piers, detached from the main walls, and allowing a passage or gallery round. The walls and every part of this museum are richly stored with choice and valuable fragments of ancient architecture and sculpture, interspersed with casts from architectural members and relics of various kinds. On the basement-floor is placed a far-famed and highly interesting Egyptian *Sarcophagus*, lately bought by Mr. Soane from the agents of Messrs. Salt and Belzoni, for £2000. sterling. This unique specimen of the arts, and of the sacred funeral rites of the ancient Egyptians, is perfectly important to the antiquary and historian. Its whole surface, externally and internally, is covered with hieroglyphic characters, the meaning of which has hitherto set learning at defiance, and baffled human sagacity. At the western end of the museum is a picture gallery, the general design and form of which are delineated in Plate II. A large bay-window, of stained glass, occupies nearly one side of this room, and the wall opposite is covered with pictures, among which is the justly celebrated and admirable series of the *Rake's Progress*, by Hogarth.—Many other pictures, drawings, books, &c. are displayed in this tasteful and truly beautiful apartment. A groined ceiling, apparently suspended, extends over the centre of the room, whilst at each side is a lantern window, rising above the ceiling, and extending the whole length of the gallery. This admirable mode of introducing light into a picture gallery, is calculated to exhibit every painting to advantage; and Mr. Soane has adopted a similar plan, with variations in form and position, in other parts of his interesting house. This room has been deprived of its pictures, and other ornaments, which are removed to a new gallery on the eastern side of the museum. The latter is novel in design, and highly rich in decoration. Within a space of 17 feet by 13, and 11 feet in height, above the bookcases, the architect has most ingeniously formed a surface of 1656 square feet for the display of paintings, and has occupied nearly the whole of that surface by a series of valuable and interesting works of art. The four much valued and inimitable pictures by Hogarth, representing so many stages in an election of a member of Parliament, first attract attention.

Opening a pair of folding doors, on which two of these pictures hang, the spectator is presented with eight other works by the same powerful artist, representing as many scenes, or events, in a rake's progress, from a state of innocent adolescence, through different degrees of dissipation and vice, to ruin and to madness. Much interesting history and anecdote is connected with the two sets of pictures just noticed; but I must forbear to dilate on subjects that, it must be acknowledged, are not strictly architectural. Three other sides of this apartment are enriched with other pictures, by Carnaletti, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Bird, Westall, Howard, Barrett, Sir Francis Bourgeois, Angelica Kaufman, Fuseli, Cosway, Gandy, Piranesi, &c. These are disposed on the exterior surface of the walls,

or rather pannels, and also on the interior surface of the same pannels, which move upon hinges; and likewise on the walls behind those doors. Thus three surfaces are given in the usual space of one. At one side of the gallery there are four doors, or revolving pannels, presenting so many faces for the display of pictures. All these surfaces are hung with paintings of various classes, and, from the manner in which the light is admitted, all are seen to advantage. The ceiling of this room is highly ornamented, the chimney-piece is novel and beautiful, the doors of the dwarf bookcases are of the choicest mahogany, ornamented with brass, and the whole is finished in the most skilful manner. On opening the folding pannels, at one side of the room, a new and singular scene is presented: a second gallery is displayed, with its ends and sides adorned with pictures, and numerous architectural casts and fragments. Over the dwarf bookcases, which form a sort of balustrade, the spectator looks down several feet, into a highly decorated room, with a large window of painted glass, &c. and up to a lantern light of stained glass. This unexpected glance into such a singular subterranean museum, rouses curiosity, and makes the observer impatient to inspect its whole form and contents. Descending a flight of stairs, 'the monk's room,' as it is called, is approached through a door of painted glass, and cannot fail to excite both astonishment and delight. With mirrors, reflecting its numerous 'gothic' ornaments; with niches, groining, canopies, masks, crucifix, hour-glass, &c.; with a ruined cloister, and its analogous appendages, on the outside; this apartment presents a most impressive, novel, and interesting scene. The room thus noticed, as well as many other parts of the house, may be adduced as proofs to verify, or impeach, the professor's opinions, as inculcated in his lectures at the Royal Academy and Royal Institution,—that architecture is not only a science but an art, that it is capable of producing simple, beautiful, and sublime scenes,—that it is the nurse, or guardian, of the other fine arts, and that it is susceptible of producing high poetical effects.

BELZONI'S EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

MRS. BELZONI, with an ardour and talent which prove how fit a consort she was for her late husband, who fell a victim to his zeal in exploring Africa, will, on Monday, open a new exhibition of the Egyptian tombs, in Leicester Square. On Thursday we were favoured with an ample view of this specimen of the arts three thousand years ago. It must not be thought that this is the same exhibition as that which Mr. Belzoni fitted up in Piccadilly: in some parts they are alike, but there is an entirely new room, richer in hieroglyphics than any of the former ones; and the antiquary may here pursue his investigations into the writings of the Egyptians to great advantage.

The writing of that people was of four kinds: first, the hieroglyphic, which was two-fold, the more rude being called curio-

logic, and the more artificial tropical; the second, symbolic, and this likewise was two-fold; the more simple, and the more mysterious,—that tropical, this allegorical. These two kinds of writing which went under the generic term of hieroglyphics, distinguished into proper and symbolic hieroglyphics, were not composed of the letters of an alphabet, but of marks or characters which stood for things, not words: a distinction which St. Austin has very happily illustrated by his expression, 'Signa sint verba visibilia, verba signa audibilia.' The third kind of Egyptian writing was designated epistolic, so called from its being first applied to civil matters; and the fourth hiero-grammatic, from being used only in religion—these two last expressed words, and were formed by letters of an alphabet.

A French author has been very successful in explaining the nature of the Egyptian hieroglyphics; and the catalogue of Mrs. Belzoni's exhibition will, we understand, contain some elucidation of that subject. We earnestly and confidently recommend this exhibition, not only on account of its merit and curiosity, but as a reward to a virtuous and accomplished lady, who accompanied Mr. Belzoni in adventures and through countries which would appal ordinary travellers, male or female, and who has been widowed by the exertions of her husband to enlarge the boundaries of science.

LADY BELL'S PICTURES.

It is well known that this amiable and much-regretted lady possessed great talents as a painter, which were fostered in early life by her brother, J. Hamilton, Esq. R. A., Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others; and that, during the long period of her married life, they constituted the delight of her husband, Sir Thos. Bell, and occupied much of her time. She was particularly felicitous in the copies she made from Sir Joshua, many of which are the more valuable, because they retain that fine colouring of which time has deprived the originals. Nor was she less successful in certain copies of Rubens, which his Majesty graciously permitted her to make in Carlton Palace within the last three or four years, for they boast the most striking similarity in colour and style to that great master we have ever seen attained by any painter of the present day.

The whole of her copies, amounting to a numerous collection, together with some fancy subjects, we understand, are likely to be soon sold by Mr. Christie. We think they will not fail to insure great admiration, and be deemed highly valuable to those who are partial to the masters in question. One picture of a Holy Family, the size of the original, abounds in all the truth, beauty, and grace, for which it has been long celebrated, and the colour is exquisite.

THE DRAMA.

THIS being Passion Week, there are no dramatic representations in town. The actors and actresses are most of them in the country, where a similar restriction does not ex-

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ist. The only circumstance connected with the theatre we have to notice, is Mr. Kean's 'taking leave of the stage,' as the conclusion of his engagement was impudently called. This *coup de theatre*, equally disgraceful to Mr. Elliston and himself, we should have passed over, had it not been for the unblushing effrontery with which Mr. Kean came forward, at the conclusion of the play (*Othello*), and, in an address to the audience, reminded them of his adultery. Our readers will recollect, that although we never palliated Mr. Kean's offence, yet we did interpose, to prevent his being driven from the stage. The audience and the public forgave him, and silence certainly was not only the best policy, but a positive duty, on the part of Mr. Kean. But what did he do?—Why, boasted that he had triumphed over 'one of the most malignant attacks ever made on any individual,' and denominated the press as 'a most powerful engine placed for his destruction.'—Had the press generally had any such feeling, with all the assurance Mr. Kean possesses, he would not have been able thus to insult the public. After Mr. Kean had concluded his address, and Mr. Elliston had 'embraced him,' the latter gentleman thought he would, on being called, try his hand at a speech, notwithstanding the friendly warning of a good-natured fellow in the pit, who exclaimed, 'Good night, Elliston, they only want to make a fool of you.' A speech, however, Mr. Elliston made, amidst shouts of laughter and applause. The gist of it was that what Mr. Kean had done, 'might be any man's case;' that is to say, adultery is an accidental circumstance. Mr. Kean commences a new engagement in June, with the laudable view, on the part of Mr. Elliston, no doubt, to crush the summer theatres.

At the minors, all is activity. Sadler's Wells opens under the management of Mr. Thomas Dibdin, and the Surrey, under the direction of his brother Charles. Thus have these gentlemen exchanged their former scenes of action. Astley's (we insist on calling it by its old name) will open under Ducrow.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The valuable library of the late Mr. Langlès, the King's librarian, is now selling at Paris. This collection of books is, in several departments, one of the most extensive ever collected by a private individual, and, in some departments, as the history and geography of Asia, it is almost without a rival. It contains a number of extremely scarce travels.

The original prayer-book, in black letter, which belonged to King Charles the First, and was used by the monarch on the scaffold, which was to have been sold by auction by Mr. Thomas on Saturday, was withdrawn, in consequence of the documents which establish its authenticity not having arrived. This prayer-book was given by Dr. Hutton, the King's physician, to the Presbytery of Dumfries, from whom it was purchased by a gentleman, since deceased, whose library was sold, and this book was then bought by the present owner.

A singularly curious manuscript volume was sold by Evans on Wednesday. It contained the accounts of the executors of the celebrated painter, Sir Peter Lely, signed with their respective autographs. From this document it appears that Lely painted many portraits, which are lost to the world, especially a head of Richard Cromwell. The volume is rather voluminous, and on subjects of art exceedingly interesting. We believe the book was purchased by Molteno, either for his Majesty or the British Museum.

The curious library of the late Dr. Parr will shortly be brought to the hammer. It will be found very extensive, and peculiarly rich in Latin classics, especially in the almost numberless editions of Homer. In some of the early numbers of the *British Critic*, our readers will remember an elaborate and most minute examination of the splendid edition of Homer, by the late Dr. Coombe, of Bloomsbury Square, father of one of the present curators of the British Museum, which was written by Dr. Parr. The article in question had the effect, for a time, of depressing the value of Dr. Coombe's literary labours, and nearly destroying the sale of his book. It has, however, since recovered, and is now considered scarce and valuable. The bitter character of this criticism, backed by its accuracy, occasioned a long correspondence between the editor of *Homer*, and the 'Occasional Writer in the *British Critic*,' whose 'biting satire,' after many 'hard hits' on both sides, eventually triumphed.

Important Anatomical Invention.—M. Ouroux, a physician in Paris, has presented to the French Academy of Sciences, a piece of artificial anatomy, representing the body of a man, according to its natural dimensions. The solidity of the materials employed permits the taking to pieces, and putting together again, all the various pieces of mechanism, in their very fullest details, and with such scientific accuracy, that a student may, with a book of anatomy in his hand, find out any trace into its most minute particulars, and on every portion of the human frame. Immediately under the skin, are exhibited the venous system, and the superficial coat of muscles. Each muscle may be separately detached, and with it the vessels and nerves that run along its surface, or go through it. The succeeding coats of muscles, &c. may, in like manner, be detached and studied separately, or in selection with the other organs of the system, until the student at length arrives at the bare skeleton. A portion of the last coat of muscles and of the vascular and nervous system, the separation of which offered no advantage, remain attached to the bones. In the cavities are found all the organs proper to them. The eye, detached from its orbit, may be studied apart. The muscles, the vessels, the nerves, and the membranes of this delicate organ are represented with scrupulous accuracy; the transparent parts are imitated in glass. The organization of the throat may be examined by means of this piece of mechanism, with greater precision than on a natural subject. In the thoracic cavity is seen the heart, and vessels that

branch off from it, and which may be followed to their remotest ramification. One portion of the lungs is divided in two, in order to exhibit the pulmonary circulation. In the abdominal cavity, separated from the preceding by the diaphragm, are found an exact representation of the viscera. On removing the intestinal mass, the veins, the spleen, the liver, &c. are disclosed to view. The preparation of the organs contained in the cavity of the pelvis is particularly worthy of attention. The removal of all these parts leaves open to inspection the azigos, the thoracic canal, and the grand lymphatic nerve attached to the vertebral column. This piece of mechanical anatomy has, over all other representations of the human system, great advantages. From the solidity of its materials, it can be taken to pieces, and handled and examined in its minutest details, without suffering any injury; it is not liable to be influenced by the variations in the temperature of the atmosphere; besides its offering the student the greatest possible facility for the examination of even the remotest part of the body, not only in relation with the whole, but separately, it is the least expensive succedaneum for the human subject that has been yet discovered. The price set upon this very ingenious and eminently useful piece of mechanism is 3,000 francs. Now it is well known that the wax figure of a man, in the natural proportions, exhibiting merely the outward coat of muscles (the skin being taken off,) cannot be had for a less sum than between 30 and 40,000 francs. The Academy of Sciences has named a commission to draw up a report upon this invention of M. Ouroux. The Royal Academy of Medicine and the Society of Emulation have already made such favourable reports upon M. Ouroux's first essays in this way, as to secure to him the countenance and encouragement of government.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Mar. 25	40	42	39	29 85	Fair.
.... 26	40	54	41	30 05	Do.
.... 27	40	51	42	.. 03	Do.
.... 28	42	51	43	.. 05	Cloudy.
.... 29	33	45	41	29 98	Do.
.... 30	41	44	40	30 05	Do.
.... 31	41	50	40	.. 33	Fair.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Company—Lord Orrery (Dr. Bentley's antagonist) was fond of two sorts of company. He either improved himself by conversing with men of real genius and learning, or else diverted himself with those in whose composition there was a mixture of the odd and ridiculous: the foibles of such he would touch with a delicacy and tenderness that prevented any offence from being taken even by the parties themselves, who enjoyed the humour and joined in the laugh as heartily as the rest of the company.

Archbishop Williams.—It was a rule with Archbishop Williams to give himself some recreation before he sat down to compose, and that in proportion to the importance of the composition.—(His Life in Lloyd's Worthies.) Dr. H. More, after finishing one of his most laborious and painful works, exclaimed, 'Now, for these three months, I will neither think a wise thought, nor speak a wise word, nor do an ill thing.'

Imitation of Style.—Every man has a certain manner and character in writing and speaking, which he spoils by a too close and servile imitation of another; as Bishop Felton, an imitator of Bishop Andrews, observed, 'I had almost marred my own natural trot by endeavouring to imitate his artificial amble.'

Preferment.—As men are preferred, their zeal and diligence often remit instead of increasing. Urban III. thus inscribed a letter to Archbishop Baldwin, 'Monacho ferventissimo, abbati calido, episcopo tepido, archiepiscopo remisso.' Most fervent as a monk, warm as an abbot, lukewarm as a bishop, cold as an archbishop—When Bishop Andrews first became Bishop of Winton, a distant relation, a blacksmith, applied to him to be made a gentleman; that is, to be ordained and provided with a benefice. 'No,' said the bishop, 'you shall have the best forge in the country;—but every man in his own order and station.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE review of Mr. Pennie's 'Scenes in Palestine,' 'Tremaine,' 'Blaquiere's Second Visit to Greece,' and the concluding notice of 'Dr. Lyall's Travels in Russia,' 'Noter's Essay on Assurance,' 'Hope,' by S. K., and the 'Smuggler's Cave,' in our next, when we shall also notice that very elegant and instructive novelty, the Myrianthea.

Works published since our last notice.—Letters of an Exile, 2 vols.—Taylor's Key to the Knowledge of Nature, 8vo. plates, 18s.—Benson's Hulsean Lectures, vol. 2d, second edition, 12s.—Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes, 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d.—Greaves on Calvinistic Predestination, 8vo. 12s.—Parry's Posthumous Essays, 8vo. 18s.—Blaquiere's Second Visit to Greece, 8vo. 12s.—Taylor's Itinerary of a Traveller, 5s. 6d.—Pocket Annual Register for 1825, 7s. 6d.—Hunt's Bacchus in Tuscany, 7s.—Parnell's Penal Law against Catholics, 5s. 6d.—Sheridan's Songs of Greece, 8vo. 13s.—Popish Errors Exposed, 18mo. 3s.—La Diable Diplomatique, 6s.

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